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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Messiah; a Poem, in Six Books. By Robert Montgomery, author of "The Omnipotence of the Deity," "Satan," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 300. London, 1832. Turrill. [Inscribed, by gracious permission, to the Queen.]

A MODEST and well-written preface introduces this work to the public; and the author concludes it in a tone which seems as if the greatness and sanctity of his subject had so imbued his own mind, that the petty cavils and dissensions of literary hostility could find no entrance there;—that his disposition had been calmed down to remember at no more than its worth, forgetfulness and forgiveness, the bitter enmity which pursued his earlier efforts. We are glad to see this—for nothing can contribute so well in promoting the reaction which injustice always creates; and when the impartial world beholds a young and ardent poet, only sustained by his own strong impulse to struggle in noble attempts against the depressing effects of malice and severity, it will be very apt to take his side, and estimate him even beyond his deserts. For ourselves, we may state we have never been the indiscriminating panegyrists of Mr. Montgomery; but, on the contrary, have freely censured what we thought to be his faults: but we should have been ashamed of ourselves, of our station and influence in literature, and of the character of the *Literary Gazette*; had it been possible for us to shut our eyes to the high and honourable nature of his efforts, had they been upheld by less than half the talent and genius he displayed. We would not discourage such adventurers by paltry criticisms, nor vent baser passions upon them in the shape of personal wrong. It is among the worst signs of the press, when the mere common generosity which ought to cheer on bold endeavour, is sacrificed to chilling censures, to envious irony, and to yet more abhorrent individual scurrility. When we have read these attacks, we have been prone to ask ourselves what grievous offence this youthful bard had committed? To us his crimes appeared to be few and venial:—the themes chosen for his principal compositions were not only moral, but sublime; and with all their faults of inexperience, they were redeemed by many beauties, and gave promise, at least, that the writer would not disgrace the vocation to which he had devoted his energies. To point out his imperfections, was an honest critic's duty; but to pour upon his head all the vials of exasperation and hate, was, in our humble opinion, out of proportion to the sin of publishing a sacred and epic poem. Nay, so humane and merciful are we, that a second misdeed of the same kind looked to us to be insufficient to produce the ire and abuse which followed it; and though the title of the piece was against it, we could not fancy it enough to justify our visiting and persecuting the unhappy writer as if he were the very personage whose name it bore.

But we will have done with the past,—over which we have simply thrown this brief retrospect, in order to repeat our sentiments, and set ourselves fairly forward as Reviewers who do not consider Mr. Montgomery to have forfeited (quite the reverse) his claim to the best esteem of his country by any thing he has yet done; who think that his principles entitle him to the approbation of the good, his ability to the regards of the enlightened, and his unflinching enthusiasm to the admiration of all, and especially of those who can appreciate the sensitiveness and intensity of poetical feeling.

The Messiah is, in our judgment, equal to any of Mr. Montgomery's productions, and a lasting monument to his fame. It must be read deliberately; for the vastness of the ideas seems occasionally to have overwhelmed the conception of the writer, and to have led to his expressing himself in a rather obscure style, which requires attention to be clearly understood; and this particularly applies to the first two books. Afterwards, when there is more of narrative,—the birth and early history of the Saviour—the temptation—the sermon on the Mount—the miracles—the betrayal and the crucifixion,—the sense is necessarily more obvious than where exalted devotional emotions and abstractions occupy the verse. Quotation will, however, serve our purpose better than remark; and we now proceed to glance through the volume.

The opening is worthy of the subject:—

"The great Redeemer and the glorious Cross
I sing: oh, Thou! by whom the worlds were made,
Be with me in this high attempt and theme
August of all-surpassing love divine;
That with no daring eye, or step profane,
The Muse may wander where the Saviour trod:
If e'er at morning, noon, or solemn night,
Thy shadow on my soul hath been, or prayer
Or praise before Thy hymn'd throne prevail'd,
Almighty! sanction, and my song inspire."

And the following, a few pages on, is still finer:—

"Oh! ye, who in the choir of Cherubim
Divinely shaped, upon your sapphire thrones,
That in the palace of Jehovah blaze,
One anthem of seraphic bliss prolong:
Attune my lyre, triumphantly to sing—
Who, sun-like, dawn'd upon the gloom of death,
The majesty of dreadful Justice saved,
And roll'd away God's thunders from the world!
But say, hath ever hymn by angel sung,
Hath thought divin'd, or human voice express'd,
This miracle of miracles profound—
A world redeem'd, and Christ redemption's Lord?
I've seen the sun, creation's paramount,
Rise o'er the waves, and lead the march of day;
Alone have mus'd, when tempest roo'd the heavens
With blackness, and the tragic main reversed,
Till every wave drew worship from my soul,
The dark sublimity of deepest night.
Hath girdled, and the glories of her sky
O'erwhelm'd me: in humbleness and awe,
Before the majesty of human worth
I've bow'd, and felt how lovely virtue is:—
But poor and powerless, dim and undefined
The adoration born of scenes or hours
Below, to that which o'er the spirit comes,
When silent, Lord! it thinks alone of Thee,
And looks Perfection in her godlike face,
As on she moves in mercy o'er the world,
To shed the music of salvation round!"

The personifying "Perfection" as female in this otherwise beautiful invocation and context is questionable; but we shall not waste

room in discussing the point. Coming home more closely to human feelings, we now select an original view of Death.

"Though Mercy, when a malediction fell
On life and matter from the lips of God,
That Woman's seed should bruise the Serpent's head
Predicted,—still in ghastly vision came
The shadows of thy then unenter'd world,
O Death!—but time hath half thy gloom unveil'd:
Though yet invisible, no more thy realm
A desert scene, where nothing human dwells:
By ages peopled, 'tis the haunt of Dreams
Forsaking earth, to roam and muse awhile
With shapes of being, that did once imbibe
The vital breath; there prophet-spirits be,
Whose words were mightier than thunder-tones
When Nature trembles! there the good abide,
The glorious, gifted, and immortal are!
And who of death would all-oblivious be,
When friends are tomb'd, and parents smile no more?
In that eternity where they repose,
Our fancy wanders, and our feelings dwell!"

Yet 'twas not thus when new-created Earth
From chaos rose, with sumptuous verdure clad:
Flower, fruit, and tree, in primal beauty waved;
No tint of death, no touch of sad decay.
To mar the freshness of the lovely scene,
That dread announcement, 'Perish! dust thou art,
And unto dust shalt thou again return,'
To Adam sounded like creation's knell!"

The author goes on contemplating the majesty and power of God, as developed in the scheme of mercy, and utters this fine reflection:

"When Nature in her awful doubt creates
Mystery and madness for the heart and brain,
In all that life endures, let mortals feel,
That man, the infant of eternity,
By wo is nursed, and strengthen'd for the skies;
And a brave soul, though earth and hell combine
To scatter tempest round its blighted way,
Beholds a God in all things but despair!
In hours of sadness, when Oppression rules,
And each pale sunburst of unwonted joy
Breaks o'er the spirit, like derisive beams
Of summer playing round a wintry realm,
Let Grief remember how the patriarch cried,
With voice that travel'd o'er the sea of time,
'Oh! that the graven rock my words impress'd,
And from stamp'd them, with eternal truth!
For though in dust my body be dissolved,
That my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand,
When time is ended, on this mortal earth,
I surely know!—on Him mine eye shall gaze,
And in my flesh shall I a God behold!"

Our next selections are more allied to natural scenery and images.

"There is a God! the Universe exclaims;
There is a God! the heart of Man replies!
And round the world that mighty answer rolls!
And thus Creation, while the spirit throbs
In full response to her sublime appeal,
Can teach the mind imagination's creed,
Till all her splendours to the soul become
The faint reflections of a vast Unseen!"

Yet vainly beautiful the god of Earth,
Whom Nature's worship for the soul creates:
Our homage is material; and the mind,
While in the light of elemental pomp
It lives and moves, may still her darkness keep,
Unvisited by that perpetual ray
Of hope divine, from revelation born.

There is a haunt whose quietude of scene
Accordeth well with hours of solemn hue—
A churchyard, buried in a beautiful vale,
Besprinkled o'er with green and countless graves,
And mossy tombs of unambitious pomp
Decaying into dust again. No step
Of mirth, no laughter of unfeeling life
Amid the calm of death, that spot profanes:
The skies search it with serenest love!
The winds, when visiting the dark-bough'd elms,
An airy anthem sing; and birds and bees,
That in their innocence of summer joy
Exult and carol with commingling glee,
But add to solitude the lull of sound:
There is an ocean—but his unheard waves,
By noon entranced, in dreaming slumber lie;

Or when the passion of a loud-wing'd gale
Hath kindled them with sound, the stormy tone
Of waters, mellow'd into music, dies,
Like that which echoes from the world afar,
Or lingers round the path of perish'd years?"

Again:—

"The past survey,—and what hath Reason done?
Passion and Doubt her waning light withstood;
And stubborn ages, as they swept along,
But mock'd her impotence with blind misuse,
Of creed or crime begot. Man look'd abroad,
And on his spirit rush'd one vast belief!
From life and matter, from the sun and moon,
And the deep waters, did a power appeal,
Attesting God, and teaching His domain:
But how to worship, how His law obey,
In vain would philosophic Reason find,
In pensive shade, or academic bower.
The world was defiled! terrestrial goals,
In all that apprehending sense believed,
A mystic reign for adoration held.
Thus, Neptune on his ocean-car appear'd,
Apollo gloried in the realm of light,
And Dian, with her starry nymphs begirt,
The virgin moon inspir'd. There breathed no wind,
There waved no grove, no fountain-music play'd,
No river in his march of waters joy'd,—
But Superstition lent a listening ear
To hail her fancied god: each city claim'd
Presiding deities, and built her fane
For monsters imaged out of monstrous thought,
Where dark Pollution fed her secret fires.
At length Idolatry the mind subdued,
From tombs evoked the undeserving dead,
Or round the statues of her living great
In sycophantic homage knelt and pray'd.

Religion thus in clouds of error lost,
Morality no sacredness assumed,
To harmonise the wheels of social life;
The world without, to that far mightier world
Within, a secondary station held,
And action was alone the source of law;
While thought and impulse, those creative springs
On which the conduct of our being turns,
In secret wildness kept unholy sway.
Men learnt to live, but were not taught to die:
Each hour proclaimed its own peculiar feature—
The heart might covet what the hand revered;
And in the soul a thousand years of sin
Lie floating, in a sea of fancy toss'd,
And be unbanned! No inward law prevailed,
Like that which ever in the Christian speaks;
Prejudging thought ere yet it grows to deed,
And throning conscience in the heart of man.

Then who can wonder that a darkness hung
Round heathen ages, by no hand unveiled?
Magnificent and mighty was the past,
In learning, prowess, and devoted arts:
Yet *no* was here, in his sun-bright car,
With all his panoply of gorgeous hue,
And shouting thunders from a nation's lip
To tell his conquest,—so sublimely great
As dying Stephen, when his spirit quench'd
The glorious faith the agonies of death;
Beheld the sky, and for his murderers prayed!
Bright as the morning of primal day
Burst on the waters of chaotic gloom,
Came revelation on the darkness world;
Then error vanished in celestial truth,
Hushed were the oracles, and quenched the fires
That savage bigotry for ages fed:
New light, new order, new existence rose!
The pangs of wo, the wrongs of patient worth,
Were now no more, as once their truth had been:
Eternity would pay the debt of time,
The soul redeem, and justify her God."

And again:

"A sunset! what a host of shapes and hues
In cloudy lustre multiplied and flash'd,
And flung their beauty in reflected tints
On dimpling waters, musically calm;
And then concentrated in one pomp of light,
Like that which girdles an Almighty throne!
But ere the sun behind yon sea withdrew,
A thunder-gloom with silent threat advanced,
And the loud hiss of the exulting rain
Was heard, till universal freshness beamed;
The meadow sparkled, and the sun retired
On waves of glory, like an ocean god;
From out the billows beamed a rainbow form
That died in azure o'er the distant hills:
The sea-gull fluttered on his foam-like wing,
And, like some fairy of the minute born,
A wind exulted over trees and flowers.

An hour with Nature is an hour with Heaven,
When feeling hallows what the fancy views;
And thus, oh twilight! may the spirit learn
From thy fond stillness what the day denies.
Now Memory too, divinest mourner, wakes
The soul's romance, till years of verdant joy
Revive and bloom around the heart once more,
Bright forms, by greeting childhood so beloved!
Maternal tones, and features, of whose smile
In blissful rivalry our own was born,
And voice, and face, and form, in our dream of heaven,
Around us throng, until 'th' unliving part
Our being enters, and is life again.

Of no false weakness is the inward sigh
Of memory, for the days of spring-warm truth
Departed; beautiful regret is there!
To love the past but makes the present dear:
The mournful wisdom of our discontent,
Can they unteach what young delusion taught
Alone: for who that lives, and living thinks,
But adds another to an endless train
Of sad confessions since the world began?
A life of glory is a dream fulfilled,
That fades in acting, as a gorgeous cloud,
E'en as it dazzles, is but dying air!"

Indeed, all the last pages of Book II. (in which and the preceding, the prophets, and the types of Christ in the Old Testament are treated of) are of equal merit; and we wish we could do them the justice of quotation—but we can only take two snatches.

Solitude:—

"But nobly true, inexplicably deep,
That mournfulness our better nature feels,
When solitude is silent poetry,
Read by the soul, interpreted within."

Evening:—

"In pale omnipotence of light the moon
Presides, too brilliantly for meeker stars
To venture forth—save one bright watcher, seen
O'er yon lone hill to let his beauty smile:
The clouds are dead, and scarce a breeze profanes
The blissful calm, save when some rebel darts
On fitful wing to wander into life,
Awhile, and make unwilling branches wave,
Or moonlight flutter through the boughs, and fall
In giddy brightness on the grass beneath:
Then earth is soundless; and the solemn trees
In leafy slumber freeze their clank length
Before them—Night and Stillness are enthroned!"

We will here add a few similar examples from other parts of the poem.

Human ties broken:—

"At length Affliction—that behind our joys
A grinning spectre masked in savage gloom
Is seated—frowned upon his haughty way;
And one, the beatings of whose heart were his,
Re-echoed—she who walked with angel step,
Her looks the living sunshine of his soul,
Her tones the music of his memory,
Whose printless foot made consecrated ground—
The hope and heaven of all—lay still in death!
Then came that wordless, dread eclipse of mind,
The agony that curdles soul and sense,
As though annihilation had begun,
Or [and] man were mould'ring into dust again!"

Tempest:—

"Tremendous are ye, ever-potent storms,
In wild magnificence of sound and scene!
Watched on the mountains, in convulsive play,
Or from the ocean margin, when the sea
With her Creator wrestles, and we hear
The fancied wings of everlasting Power
In wrath and gloom fly sweeping o'er the world!"

The miracle of healing the sick:—

"When the sun's expiring gleam
Flash'd o'er Capernaum, round Messiah's door
Disease assembled all her ghastly troop
Of martyrs. In an instant, ere a sound
Could perish, health's untainted blood returned!
The lame and sightless, palsied, deaf, and dumb,
Recovered—*fast* as resurrection's change!"

Judas:—

"When in vain his pleading guile
Repented, in the temple down he hurried
The wages of iniquity, and fled
On wings of horror! like a music, wild
And blasted, into solitude he ran.
The ground grew fire beneath his guilty tread—
The heaven hung o'er him like a vast approach!"

Crucifixion:—

"And thus they crucify the Son of Man!
Those hands are bleeding which have blessed a world,
Those feet are tortured, which have never moved
Except on errands of celestial love;
Those brows are throbbing, and those eyes bedim'd,
Where light and immortality were throned;
And, ah! that pure, unsported, perfect soul,
Divine as Deity on earth could set,
Doth agonise beneath 'th' imputed curse,
Whereby a ransom for the world is paid."

Night:—

"But now the spirit of mysterious night
Comes forth, and, like a round angel, seems
All dimly glorious, and divinest sad;
And Earth, forgetful of her primal fall,
Lies in the beauty of reflected heaven.
Oh! night creates the paradise of thought,
Ennobling back whatever time has wronged
Or exiled, touched with that celestial hue
Which faith and faith on to the dead bestow.
Emotions which the tyrant day destroys

Can now awaken, like reviving flowers;
And, oh! the darkest of unheavenly souls
Must feel immortal, as his eye receives
From all its views, a loveliness that comes
To light the dimness of the spirit's depth;
As when at morning oft a sunrise pours
A stream of splendour through the window-panes
Of temple vast, to cheer its barren aisles,
And on the gloom of monumental sleep
To glitter, like a resurrection morn!"

Reflections:—

"Thus life is chartered for a nobler fate
Than glory, by the breath of man bestowed—
A living world reflects a living God,
Morn, noon, and night, with everlasting change!
And who can dim the universe, or erase
The elements, unseat the sun, or mar
That mighty poem which the heavens and earth
Exhibit, written by Eternal Hands?"

Imagery:—

"And the young moon looks on the quiet sea,
Tranced like a mother, with her doating eye
Intently fixed upon a cradled child:
While round, and full, and ravishingly bright,
A planet here and there the sky adorns;
A path of lustre has o'erleaid the deep,
And heavens and glitters, like a wizard shore
For sea-enchanters, when they rise and walk
The waves in glory. Voice nor foot profanes
This dreaming silence; but the *melæe* leap
Of drying waters on the beach dissolved,
Makes ocean-language for the heart and hour."

If these selections do not satisfy our readers that we have not over-praised the writer's poetical powers, we must yield to that variety in taste which leads to want of agreement on matters irresponsible to direct proof, and whose only demonstration lies in the breast of the judge. With us they are perfectly conclusive; and with the memory of the immortal bard of *Paradise Lost*, with the more recent exquisite polish and pathos of Pope, and the grandeur and depth of the German Klopstock, all fresh in our mind, we have no hesitation in asking for the still young author of these quotations a niche, neither distant nor undistinguished, in the temple of their immortality. At the same time, we can heartily wish that the crudeness of many portions, both of thought and diction, had been submitted to a more rigid revision and deliberate polish.

Before we conclude, and, indeed, to show that we have not gone through our task merely to eulogise, we will specify some of the blemishes we have noted in this volume.

"Alas! for doubt, that still no answer finds
When dust would fathom Deity, and cite
From darkness of eternal depth, the truths
Whose mystery makes the awfulness of time—
Let Nature hope, and while her blessings thrives,
To secret heaven resign the vast unknown."

The obscurity of this exposes it to comment; also the vagueness of a phrase in the preceding page, "a breeze-like sense of joy," (what is that?); and the immediately following line—

"The mind was grander than the universe,
And when it fell convulsed a world."

We have watched for the word "grand," which we saw was such a pet in the *Oxford*; and though it occurs only three or four times, it is curious enough, that wherever it does occur it is a stumbling-block. Thus—

"Ave
The universal mind to grand belief!" (p. 48.)

and

"With voice
Sepulchral, grand as when a tempest dies," (p. 105.)
are both distinctly poor epithets. We will not, however, go into mere verbal objections:—in

* We know not, however, what to say to "seren'd" and "surgur'd" as verbs, pp. 37, 197; to "omnific" as an adjective, p. 135; to a form "witheringly fair," p. 40; to "universe of things," same page—indeed, this whole page and p. 41, where "dead-like flow" and "fine free hair" occur, present more objectionable phraseology than any fifty elsewhere—with one splendid exception in the passage—

"A demon shadow, by his anguish bred,
O'er all things brooded; in the light no light
Appeared—on melody no music brought!"

truth, there are very few to find fault with. The following is a grammatical oversight:—

"The mind,
While in the light of elemental pomp
It lives and moves, may still her darkness keep."

Our next short quotation we throw out for the moralist:

"For what is virtue but a vice withstood,
Or sanctity but daring sin overcome?"

having, ourselves, strong doubts of the accuracy or orthodoxy of the opinion. The effect of Elizabeth's salutation to the Virgin Mary, p. 71, also strikes us as erroneous—the author should have recollected that the unborn Christ was God. "Soothing glance" is a mean phrase (p. 152), where the Saviour looked upon the bereft mother whose daughter he was about miraculously to restore to life. But we have done; and demonstrated, that if we have erred in our review, it has not been for want of minute care in perusing the *Messiah*. We have only to add, in this light, that there are some half-dozen of lines of imperfect rhythm,* which should be amended in future editions, through which we predict this poem will go.

In conclusion, we again desire the poet to speak for himself.

"My theme is o'er, the great Messiah sung,
And this attempt, whose vast persuasion filled
My being with a dread delight, concludes.
How often, in some pause of holy fear,
Hish Fancy folded her advent'rous wings,
And my soul bowed with this unuttered thought:
That He, whose mediatorial love I sang,
Beheld me, fathoming the spirit's depth;
And now, as girl with glory, in the heaven
Of heavens, the Son of Man his throne resumes,
A dread comes round me, like a shadow cast
From waning tempest o'er a tranced sea!"

Another gaze, ere earth and nature die.
The spirit of eternity descends,
Seven thunders speak, to heaven he lifts his arm,
And utters—'Time and earth shall be no more.'
Creation withers at his dread command,
And, like a shade, the universe departs!

Oh! in this agony of Nature's death,
May he who dared from fancy's gloom
To lift his spirit to the Light of light,
And shadow forth the lineaments divine
Of God incarnate, by redemption seen—
Unblinded look upon the Lord he sang;
And in some world unutterably bright,
Where thought is holy as the heaven it breathes,
By angels taught, around the throne renew
The song eternal fleeting time began."

These are high and holy feelings; and they breathe throughout this work, mingled with a beautiful sense of natural loveliness, and a lofty poetical inspiration. To soothe and elevate the soul is the least of the commendations we can bestow upon it; for there is not a page which can fail to purify the heart and raise the spirit above and beyond the vicissitudes of mortal life to an eternal and unchangeable sphere—

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The Adventures of Barney Mahoney. By T. Crofton Croker. 12mo. pp. 299. London, 1832. Fisher and Co.

The characteristic of this work is humour—and humour is always attended by good plain sense—and a vein of feeling. The difference between humour and wit is, that humour is natural, wit artificial; the one does, and the other says; humour is dramatic, wit epigrammatic;—and all these marks are to be found on the little volume which sets forth the adventures of Barney Mahoney—for these adventures are simple, actual, and comic. Barney Mahoney is the real and ideal of the Irish character, whether in high or low life. But let our author's quaint verses speak for themselves.

* Ex. p. 7.
* He listened for a leaf-fall on the charmed sir," (p. 42.)
* The fulness and the flow of her ecstatic thoughts," (p. 62.)

"My novellette I hold to be quite national;
And, in its inward spirit, truly metaphysical.
From it my countrymen may draw a moral;
And see themselves, for they have small opacity;
Theirs is ambition—silver-tongued loquacity,
Empty profession; but, we shall not quarrel—
I do believe, with fault and folly teeming,
The Irish heart, when tried, will shine with bright redeeming."

This youth sees "a deal of service;" and the various families in which he lives are sketched with great spirit. First, there is the benevolent merchant, the very epitome of respectability, and his family the very romance of comfort. Then the unfortunate single lady of quality; or the science of following the old saying, "appearances are every thing, every where, and with every body." Mrs. Temple, with two daughters come out, and the number of the deadly sins in younger ones, kept, as such things should be, carefully in the back-ground; for "Mrs. Temple never obtruded the seven Lincolnshire damels, rising, as the farmers say, next grass." Then gentility, in a small way, in Montague Place, in the persons of Mr. James Jones and his two sisters; people who keep two maids and a man, who always have "a glass coach," and who make a boast, "they had never in their lives passed a summer in London, or a winter out of it,"—a great mistake, by the by; for fashion would rather say, "we never spent a summer in the country, or a winter in London." These "places" of Barney bring us into contact with two Yorkshire cousins of the Jones', most exquisite specimens of "unsophistication," and a dry-salter and his son, the latter of whom has had a college education—to the outward disdain and inward pride of his father, a good-hearted, bad-tempered, well-to-do-in-the-world citizen. Having thus given the bill of fare, we will proceed to try the dishes, and shall quote the opening dialogue, which leads to Barney's being installed in Mr. Stapleton's service. Scene, an Irish hovel.

"You have a large family, my good woman!" "Tis I that have that same thin, yer honor, be the blessin' o' Providence. Chilther' comes as thick as poverty, most times, but, thank God! we've not known to say want, for 'tis seldom but we've a praty to put in their mouths; an' shoore 'tisn't the likes of us that could expect to be havin' mate onst a week like our betters. Though, may-be, if we got a habit o' atin' it, we'd think it hard to be widout it; so we would." "How often do you get a joint of meat, pray?" "Is it a jint o' mate, yer honor!" The Lord be betune us an' all harum, where 'ud we come be a jint o' mate? Barrin' it may be a pig's head, or some small matter o' that kind, at Christmas or Easter, I niver seen a rale jint o' mate sin' the blessed day I was married to Murty Mahoney, so I haven't,—and that's three an' twenty years cum next Lady-day." "Your children appear strong and healthy, nevertheless." "Oh! thanks be where due, they are that; an' why wouldn't they? They've no stint of de prates any how; an' onst a week, or on a saint's day, mostly a herrin' or a sup o' milk wid them. Sorro' wud I wish to see de day a child o' mine 'ud grumble while he'd a bowl o' Carrigaline beauties, or good red-nosed kidneys planted down upon de table, wud a relish now an' then, or may be onst a week." "The rain still continues as heavy as ever," said the gentleman; "may I ask leave to remain under the shelter of your roof until the storm has passed off?" "Yer honor 'd be kindly welcome, shoore, if 'twas de grandest house in de county I had afore ye. Judy! rache me de prauskeen 'till I wipe a stool for his honor to sit down upon." "Do not trouble yourself. It is quite clean, I dare-ay," replied Mr. Staple-

ton, for such was the gentleman's name. "Beggin' yer honor's pardin', but I've hard say, 'quite chane' aint clane enuff for de Englishers, an' I'm thinking, be yer honor's tongue, that ye doesn't belong to this part of the counthre, any how." "You are right," said Mr. Stapleton; "I am an Englishman, and a stranger in Ireland, and I feel deeply interested by what I have seen of the country. Indeed, my admiration is excited by the numerous instances I meet, where apparently extreme poverty is supported with a degree of cheerfulness and patience, in vain to be sought for in my own more favoured land." "Oh! where 'ud be de use of bein' onpatient, yer honor? What 'ud we get be that? The Lord knows best what's good for us all; an' shoore, if we've his blessin', 'tis all we want." "That's true, perhaps; but now, tell me,—you have been married three-and-twenty years, you say. You have reared—how many children?" "Tisn't often ye'll find a smaller family,—that's among the poore o' the county. They tell me chilther's scarcer in de county Limerick, but I dunnow. Murty thought it best to settle where his work was; an' may-be 'tis right he was." "How does he gain his living, and support this large family?" "He attinds de masons, that's de masher builders," said Mrs. Mahoney, willing to express in the most imposing terms the occupation of her husband. "What in England we call a bricklayer's labourer, I suppose?" "I niver hard himself say he was that same," returned the poor woman, a little wounded by what she considered to be so harsh an appellation. "He just mixes up de morthar an' dem things for de working men, an' does any odd job that 'ud be for helpin' 'em, an' de likes o' that, an'—" "Carries a hod for his amusement, I suppose?" said Mr. Stapleton, smiling. "Is it a hod o' morthar? In course he'll do that same in de way o' bis'ness, an' de niver a worse man is he for it, any way," continued the still more offended dame. "Do not imagine I intended any offence to his or your feelings, by carelessly mentioning an old subject of jocularly with us in England. A man's usefulness ought to be the truest source of his pride; and neither yourself, nor your husband, I am sure, need blush to own the means of support that have enabled you to bring up this fine family of well-grown girls, and their still more sturdy brothers." "Yer honor's words are like honey, shoorely," replied Mrs. Mahoney, completely mollified by this saving speech.

For the sake of contrast, we give the feisty dry-salter's dialogue with his son, who has persuaded him, by way of passing the morning, to visit "the Lover's Seat" at Hastings. We must observe that the old gentleman's tongue is not quite obedient to its master, who stutters "pretty considerably"—a novelty, we may note, on paper.

"Arrived, after much toil, at the edge of the precipice under which this celebrated seat is placed, the old gentleman exclaimed, as he observed his son marshalling the way down the little path leading to it, (one, by the by, certainly not well calculated for gonty pedestrians, and requiring considerable command of head and foot), 'Hollo! sir; hollo; where—where the deuce are you going now, sir? Do you—do you suppose—suppose I am coming after you down the cliff? Do you want me to break my neck, sir?' 'Only just round this corner, sir; take my arm; the seat is under the ledge you are standing upon. If you come round here you will reach it in a moment, and the view from it will, I assure you, amply repay the trouble.' 'If I do—if I do—No, sir, I am not

quite such an idiot as you think me; and you, sir,—you would have a fine view, too, I take it. Yes, yes, sir, to see your old father go head-over-heels into the sea. How did you dare, sir, to bring me up this mountain? Yes, mountain, puppy! No grinning, sir; knowing the state of my head, and that—and that I—I never go up to the top of St. Paul's for a prospect without being sea-sick. 'I am very sorry; I really forgot the giddiness of your head. Shall we turn back, sir? or would you like to come down by Covehurst Cottage, the descent is quite easy, and home by the beach. It will be a change. 'Any thing—any thing but the same way back; that's if its shorter, Master Tom. I should never get home through those broiling lanes again.' 'It is much shorter, sir, and good sands all the way, when the tide is down.' Poor Tom, however, had omitted any observation on this particular; and, on guiding his grumbling and ill-humoured father to the beach, he was dismayed to perceive it was high-water, leaving them no means of passage except close at the foot of the cliffs, where the shingles and rocks afforded a most unpleasant and fatiguing footing. 'Well, sir! where are—where are the sands you spoke of?' 'I fear the tide is against us, father; it appears to be high-water; otherwise the sands are as smooth and firm as a floor. It happens very unfortunately.' 'I see, sir—I see—I see it all; I am to be—to be killed, destroyed, that's the plan. So, because I would not tumble over the cliff to please you, I am to get the gout, scrambling over these cu-cu-cursed rocks, and wet my feet. Oh, I see it all, in hopes—in hopes of flinging it into my stomach. Oh! that ever—ever I should be such a fool, such a bo-bo-booby, as to go trampoozing out with a co-co-co-collegian. Well, sir, you'll come into a pretty—pretty little property. I've made my—made my will, so there's no more occasion for me, I suppose; but remember, sir, I expect to be buried decently; I won't be left here, mind that. Your poor mother lies in Shoreditch, and—' 'My dear father, pray do not talk in this manner. Sit down on this rock to rest a little, and you will be able to proceed better when you have taken breath.' 'Under this chalk cliff, not a breath of air, and the sun reflected down upon me! But I see, sir—I see—Did I—did I not hear you, only last Monday, telling Miss Stapleton it was enough to give a—give a person a *coup de soleil* to sit close under the cliffs? Oh, I'm a murdered man, that's very clear. Go on, sir, walk on. I'll reach my bed, if possible. I should wish—should wish to—wish to die in bed, if its agreeable to you.' The walk, in itself, was assuredly toilsome enough; and the old man rendered it still more painful to both parties by his peevish murmurings; so that, on arriving at their lodgings, he was completely exhausted, and retired immediately to bed, declaring, if able to bear the journey, he would go to London the following day, that he might die creditably in his own house, and evade the fees exacted for the passing of a corpse on so long a journey. Too much exasperated against his son to accept even the composing draught he recommended to him, he angrily ordered him to leave the room, and send their landlady to him. 'I am a murdered man—a murdered man, Mrs. Kilderkin. Give me a glass of cordial before I go; there, that revives me. Now sit down, Mrs. Kilderkin. I want to—want to speak to you. Tell me, now, if there really—really is such a place as 'Lovers' Seat,' or if—if its all an invention of my son Tom's.' 'Lauk-a-day, yes, sir! 'Lovers' Seat,' sure and certain

there is, sir. Not as ever I see it myself, though I was bred and born in Hastings, and never ha' been out on it all my life, which its nine-and-fifty years, and over. I never was so far as Lovers' Seat myself; but the gentlefolks all goes there, and very much it's frequented in the summer; I've often talked of going there, but somehow I always find something better else to do.' 'I believe you—I believe you, Mrs. Kilderkin. Well, I'm glad—I'm glad, at any rate, I have not been deceived. I really suspected—' 'Oh dear, no, sir. Your son was quite correct, sir; for my grandmother often told me the whole story.'

Now for two or three diversities. Water parties. A party to Richmond was proposed and formed; which, by some unaccountable contingencies of will, weather, water, and welfare, actually met with no obstruction in its execution. And, notwithstanding its having been planned, boat hired, band engaged, and dinner ordered, at least a week beforehand, yet, by some almost incredible chance or other, it came to pass that the day appointed was unexceptionable, the tide favourable, wind ditto—even her majesty the moon congenial; and not a single 'severe cold' or 'violent headache' pleaded by any one of the intended party. These are things that may occur occasionally, one does not know how, and can scarcely accept even ocular demonstration of; and the only explanation I can imagine of such an event is, that it comes to give the lie direct to a certain delightful dramatist of our times, who boldly asserted, no longer ago than last summer, upon an impromptu embarkation, that 'Water parties should be managed with masonic mystery, inasmuch as rivers (that bight the Thames more especially) were to be taken only by surprise; never failing to turn their tides to the most unpropitious point; to summon the winds to their billowy aid; and call down a deluge of rain upon those injudicious wights who had published a previous intention of adventuring thereon.'

Travellers. For some few years after the continent was thrown open to travellers, the opening phrase of 'When I was in Paris' gave a man a certain lead in conversation, and effectually closed the mouths of those who had not yet acquired the power of flourishing off by that once imposing sentence. The provoking nonchalance with which every one now talks of, 'When I was last at Florence,' 'During my second visit to Moscow,' and so on, leaves a person no chance of attracting the attention, or opening the ears of the company, by any thing short of, 'I remember, the first time I saw Jerusalem,' or, 'From the summit of the Andes, one often sees—' whatever may occur to the fancy at the moment, for the chances are ten to one that no one present is qualified to enter the lists with you.

Watering-places. That convenient place, Broadstairs, so situated, that persons of few friends and small incomes may make it their professed residence, while their actual one shall be in the obscurity of some impenetrable back street, in that most unnameable of all places, Margate. Accommodating Broadstairs! thy post-office offering colour and credibility to the deceptive visitors of cheaper Margate. Then the access so easy! By the packet to Margate. Nobody minds owning they went 'by,' though hardened must the sinner be who could say 'to,' Margate. 'Every body goes, you know, by the steamer to Margate; so easy, so pleasant; and there

you find coaches and carriages of all kinds, waiting your landing, to carry you to Broadstairs. No distance! down to dinner! all that sort of thing.'

The Yorkshire cousins ought to be taken as a whole, but, at the risk of disjoining, we must have a bit; only premising that agh is provincial for I, and that Miss Jones is one of these soft-headed and kind-hearted individuals with many words and no thoughts, but a thoroughly good creature—one who constantly palliates the faults, follies, &c. of her acquaintance, by the observation, 'It's very natural.'

It occurred to the hospitable recollection of Miss Jones, that she had been deficient in entering for the amusement of her other guest, who had been so long absent from the parlour, that she found it incumbent on her manners to go in search of her. In the spare room she found Miss Betsey Pearson seated, and, with a melancholy aspect, gazing on the square allowance of sky to be commanded from the situation she had chosen. 'What is the matter, Betsey, my dear? You do not look well.' 'Aw, agh'm well enuff, thank you, cuizen Grizzle.' 'You must be dull here alone; let me prevail on you to come down stairs; or, if you feel indisposed, tell me if there is any thing I can offer you. I am sure you are in pain, my dear.' 'Naw, cuizen, agh'm nut; agh was only thinking—' 'Ah! I was sure there was something amiss, you looked so anxious and unhappy. I do not wish, my dear, to pry impertinently into the subject of your distress; but, if there is any thing I could do to alleviate—for, as I often say to Julia, though the world has always gone smoothly with us, that is no reason why we should refuse to sympathise in the griefs of others. I am sure there are few women so fortunate as we are, and in most families there will occur something or other unpleasant. So that one ought never to feel too confident in one's own security; but perhaps, my dear, your sister would be a fitter person to comfort you. Shall I ask her to come to you?' 'Aw, may; it'll do presently, agh expect. Agh was only thinking—' 'Yes, my dear—very true; but if you will listen to advice from an older head than your own, (for I am older by five years, I think I have heard my mother say,) and indeed I am never ashamed, for my part, of owing to my age; every one cannot be young, you know—at least, *always* young. But what I was going to observe, my dear cousin, is, that I do think it a wrong thing to give way to melancholy, and seclude yourself in this manner, refusing to open your heart to your own sister. Surely, if there be any one to whom one's thoughts may safely—' 'Lord sake, cuizen! what a fuss about now! Agh was only thinking agh wondhered what we were put on to day.'

So much for sympathy. We now leave Barney Mahoney to his fate, which will be very favourable if he meets with his deserts; and conclude by hoping that its future readers may be as much amused as we have been with its entertaining pages.

The Works of Lord Byron. New Edition. Vol. VI. 12mo. pp. 416. London, 1832. Murray.

THIS volume completes the life of Lord Byron, and in so doing furnishes, with all its exceptions, the most extraordinary biography in our language. There is no adventure, no action—all is passion and intellect. Yet how strong is the interest excited, how profound is the deduction to be drawn! and there is no moral like a consequence. Byron's journals and letters,

how admirable they are! what knowledge of society, what happiness of illustration, what pleasant *abandon*, do they display! they reflect his common, acting, work-a-day self as in a glass: his poetry gave the mind, but his letters give the man. It has been beautifully said—

"Oh what are we,
Frail creatures as we are, that we should sit
In judgment man on man; and what were we,
If the All-merciful should meet to us
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes?"

We all profess such humility; it were well if we also acted upon it. It would seem that a vast debt of delight would be a claim as to indulgence; but literary gratitude thinks that praise, like love, should be "spoken low." The Pharisee takes the judgment-seat; and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, form the jury; and idle reports, and hasty inferences, are the witnesses. The noble passage relating to Burns, in the *Siamois Twins*, is equally appropriate to Byron: let it be its own apology for quotation.

"But he, who serves all earth,—whose mind
Stars the dark wanderings of mankind;
And from lone Thought's empyrean height
Exalts the soul, its glories light—
For him no grateful memory lives;
No justice weighs, no love forgives;
For him, the Universal Eye,
Each heart he cheered, hath grown his spy.
The very lustre of his fame
Betrays the specks upon his name:
The columns of his triumph stand
As pascuins for each vulgar hand.
For him the wonted shades which hide
Home's reverent secrets are denied,
Exposed, dissected, canvass'd o'er,
Each household wound and hidden sore;
His very heart hung forth a prey
To the sharp-tongued 'remorseless day.'
The temple he hath built will yield
For him alone no shrine to shield;
Nay, round the altar where he fleeth,
The cold and venom'd slander lieth—
Crush'd by the serpents of his doom—
Behold his temple walls his tomb!"

There are but two causes for this unearthing the faults and follies of the gifted: to excuse our own by high example, or to triumph in our own immaculateness—without considering that we have neither the palliation nor the temptation—not even the means! At least, let us respect a grave—

"Where death and glory their joint Sabbath keep."

The present volume contains a sweet view of Newstead Abbey, though we could gladly dispense with the ladies and parsons in the foreground. The fountain vignette is a pretty specimen of old architecture; and in the body of the book is an interesting engraving of Hucknall Church, the place of Lord Byron's interment. Its miscellaneous contents are a review of Wordsworth, common-place enough; but Byron was no critic; he had none of that spirit of warm appreciation which is the best qualification for such an office; his temper interfered with his justice, and he praised only from whim or personal friendship. Next come his review of Gell's *Troy*, and his speeches, together with his letters to Bowles on the subject of Pope. The question whether a poetical image should be taken from nature or art is in itself an absurdity; it is association with human thought or sentiment that constitutes the charm, and that association is as likely to be with the fallen column as the fallen oak. The accusation brought against Pope, that he wanted an eye to the beauties of nature, would seem incredible from any one who had read his works, did we not know, from all experience, that the more lightly an assertion is made, the more strenuously it is defended. How many images which shew such intimate observance of, and feeling for, nature, crowd upon us at this moment! Who does not remember

"His grapes long lingering on the sunny wall;" or the exquisite picture of the sylphs, embodied as in the form of insect life, when from the sunbeam they catch

"Colours that change when'er they wave their wings!" and where will be found a more poetical description of a rookery than in

"Towns aerial on the waving tree?"

But we are well content with the prejudice or the criticism that called forth two such letters from Byron's pen, filled as they are with the keenest sarcasm, the most judicious argument, a true love of poetry, and touches of the most generous and warm feeling. The last of these letters is published for the first time, and we shall proceed to lay some of its most striking passages before the reader.

Sensibility to criticism.—"There is no moral turpitude in such acuteness of feeling; it has been, and may be, combined with many good and great qualities. Is Mr. Bowles a poet, or is he not? If he be, he must, from his very essence, be sensitive to criticism; and even if he be not, he need not be ashamed of the common repugnance to being attacked. All that is to be wished is, that he had considered how disagreeable a thing it is, before he assailed the greatest moral poet of any age, or in any language."

The ensuing passage is very characteristic:

"To me it appears of no very great consequence whether Martha Blount was or was not Pope's mistress, though I could have wished him a better. She appears to have been a cold-hearted, interested, ignorant, disagreeable woman, upon whom the tenderness of Pope's heart, in the desolation of his latter days, was cast away, not knowing whither to turn, as he drew towards his premature old age, childless and lonely; like the needle, which, approaching within a certain distance of the pole, becomes helpless and useless, and, ceasing to tremble, rusts. She seems to have been so totally unworthy of tenderness, that it is an additional proof of the kindness of Pope's heart to have been able to love such a being. But we must love something. I agree with Mr. B. that she could at no time have regarded Pope personally with attachment, because she was incapable of attachment; but I deny that Pope could not be regarded with personal attachment by a worthier woman. It is not probable, indeed, that a woman could have fallen in love with him as he walked along the Mall, or in a box at the opera, nor from a balcony, nor in a ball-room; but in society he seems to have been as amiable as unassuming, and with the greatest disadvantages of figure, his head and face were remarkably handsome, especially his eyes. He was adored by his friends—friends of the most opposite dispositions, ages, and talents—by the old and wayward Wycherley, by the cynical Swift, the rough Atterbury, the gentle Spence, the stern attorney-bishop Warburton, the virtuous Berkeley, and the 'cankered Bolingbroke.' Bolingbroke wept over him like a child; and Spence's description of his last moments is at least as edifying as the more ostentatious account of the death-bed of Addison. The soldier Peterborough and the poet Gay, the witty Congreve and the laughing Rowe, the eccentric Cromwell and the steady Bathurst, were all his intimates. The man who could conciliate so many men of the most opposite description, not one of whom but was a remarkable or a celebrated character, might well have pretended to all the attachment which a reasonable man would desire of an amiable woman. Pope, in fact, wherever he

got it, appears to have understood the sex well. Bolingbroke, 'a judge of the subject,' says Warton, thought his 'Epistle on the Characters of Women' his 'masterpiece.' And even with respect to the grosser passion—which takes occasionally the name of 'romantic,' accordingly as the degree of sentiment elevates it above the definition of love by Buffon—it may be remarked, that it does not always depend upon personal appearance, even in a woman. Madame Cottin was a plain woman, and might have been virtuous, it may be presumed, without much interruption. Virtuous she was, and the consequences of this inveterate virtue were, that two different admirers (one an elderly gentleman) killed themselves in despair (see Lady Morgan's 'France'). I would not, however, recommend this rigour to plain women in general in the hope of securing the glory of two suicides apiece. I believe that there are few men who, in the course of their observations on life, may not have perceived that it is not the greatest female beauty who forms the longest and the strongest passions. But, apropos of Pope, Voltaire tells us that the Maréchal Luxembourg (who had precisely Pope's figure) was not only somewhat too amatory for a great man, but fortunate in his attachments. La Valière, the passion of Louis XIV., had an unsightly defect. The Princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip II. of Spain, and Maugiron, the minion of Henry III. of France, had each of them lost an eye; and the famous Latin epigram was written upon them, which has, I believe, been either translated or imitated by Goldsmith:

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla stupro,
Et petis est forma vincens uterque Deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede scorti,
Sic tu cecus Amior, sic erit illa Venus."

Wilkes, with his ugliness, used to say, that 'he was but a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England;' and this vaunt of his is said not to have been disproved by circumstances. Swift, when neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor even amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary passions upon record, Vanessa's and Stella's:

Vanessa, aged scarce a score,
Sighs for a gown of forty-four."

He requited them bitterly; for he seems to have broken the heart of the one, and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of servants. For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon Fortune. They particularly renounce celestial Venus, into whose temple, &c. &c. &c. I remember, too, to have seen a building in Ægina in which there is a statue of Fortune holding a horn of Amalthæa; and near her there is a winged Love. The meaning of this is, that the success of men in love-affairs depends more on the assistance of Fortune than the charms of beauty. I am persuaded, too, with Pindar (to whose opinion I submit in other particulars), that Fortune is one of the Fates, and that, in a certain respect, she is more powerful than her sisters. Grimm has a remark of the same kind on the different destinies of the younger Cæcillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl, of some fortune and family (a Miss Strafford), runs away and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid.

To this we can only add the old proverb, "that if matches are made in heaven, they are dipped in hell."

Anecdote of Cribb.—"I remember, (and do you remember, reader, that it was in my earliest youth, 'Consume Plamo?') on the morning of the great battle (the second) between Guiley and Gregson—Cribb, who was matched against Horton for the second fight, on the same memorable day, awaking me (a lodger at the inn in the next room) by a loud remonstrance to the waiter against the abomination of his towels, which had been laid in lavender. Cribb was a coal-heaver—and was much more discomfited by this odoriferous effluvia of fine linen, than by his adversary Horton, whom he 'finished in style,' though with some reluctance; for I recollect that he said, 'he disliked hurting him, he looked so pretty.' Horton being a very fine fresh-coloured young man."

How to be revenged on a Hackney Coachman.—"It is of little use to call him a 'rascal, a scoundrel, a thief, an impostor, a blackguard, a villain, a raggamuffin, a—what you please;' all that he is used to—it is his mother-tongue, and probably his mother's. But look him steadily and quietly in the face, and say—'Upon my word, I think you are the ugliest fellow I ever saw in my life,' and he will instantly roll forth the brazen thunders of the charioteer Salomoneus as follows—'Hugly! what the hell are you? You a gentleman! Why—!' So much easier it is to provoke—and therefore to vindicate—for passion punishes him who feels it more than those whom the passionate would exorcise—by a few quiet words the aggressor, than by retorting violently. The 'coals of fire' of the Scripture are benefits; but they are not the less 'coals of fire.'"

Beautiful Passage.—"In my former letter I have remarked upon the editor's forgetfulness of Pope's benevolence. But where he mentions his faults it is 'with sorrow; his tears drop, but they do not blot them out.' The 'recording angel' differs from the recording clergyman. A fulsome editor is pardonable though tiresome, like a panegyric son whose pious sincerity would demi-deify his father. But a detracting editor is a parasite. He sins against the nature of his office, and connexion; he murders the life to come of his victim. If his author is not worthy to be mentioned, do not edit at all: if he be, edit honestly, and even flatteringly. The reader will forgive the weakness 'in favour' of mortality, and correct your adulation with a smile."

Pope's Feeling for Nature.—"It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but he could walk, and he could ride (he rode to Oxford from London at a stretch), and he was famous for an exquisite eye. On a tree at Lord Bathurst's is carved, 'Here Pope sang,'—he composed beneath it. Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, represents them both writing in the hay-field. No poet ever admired nature more, or used her better, than Pope has done, as I will undertake to prove from his works, *prose and verse*, if not anticipated in so easy and agreeable a labour. I remember a passage in Walpole, somewhere, of a gentleman who wished to give directions about some willows to a man who had long served Pope in his grounds: 'I understand, sir,' he replied: 'you would have them hang down, sir, somewhat poetical.' Now, if nothing existed but this little anecdote, it would suffice to prove Pope's taste for nature, and the impression which he had made on a common-minded man. But I have already quoted Warton and Walpole (both his enemies), and, were it necessary, I could multiply quote Pope himself for such tributes to nature as a poet of the present day has even approached. His various excellence is really wonderful: architecture, paint-

ing, gardening, all are alike subject to his genius. Be it remembered, that English gardening is the purposed perfectioning of niggard nature, and that without it England is but a hedge-and-ditch, double-post-and-rail, Hounslow Heath and Clapham Common sort of country, since the principal forests have been felled. It is, in general, far from a picturesque country. The case is different with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and I except also the lake counties and Derbyshire, together with Eton, Windsor, and my own dear Harrow on the Hill, and some spots near the coast. In the present rank fertility of 'great poets of the age,' and 'schools of poetry'—a word which, like 'schools of eloquence,' and of 'philosophy,' is never introduced till the decay of the art has increased with the number of its professors, in the present day, then, there have sprung up two sorts of naturals; the Lakers, who whine about nature because they live in Cumberland; and their under-sect (which some one has maliciously called the 'Cockney School'), who are enthusiastic for the country because they live in London. It is to be observed, that the rustic founders are rather anxious to disclaim any connexion with their metropolitan followers, whom they ungraciously review, and call cockneys, atheists, foolish fellows, bad writers, and other hard names not less ungrateful than unjust. I can understand the pretensions of the aquatic gentlemen of Windermere to what Mr. Braham terms '*enthusiasm*' for lakes, and mountains, and daffodils, and buttercups; but I should be glad to be apprised of the foundation of the London propensities of their imitative brethren to the same 'high argument.'"

We are here rather tempted to take up the defence of Londoners, whom, as a body, we do firmly believe have a keen relish for the country. Whither is the Sunday walk invariably directed, but where a green field and hedge may be seen? and certainly no where are the environs of a metropolis so beautiful as those of London. The view from the Surrey hills is as perfect a panorama of a well-wooded valley, varied by garden, meadow, and human dwelling, as could be seen? and on a sunny day, how finely does the cloudy cupola of St. Paul rise dim and dark in the distance! Take the Thames, viewed in all the varieties of an English atmosphere, for instance, with a crimson sunset mingling with its glowing waters, and the Hammersmith suspension-bridge flung across the reddening air, the work of magic—but such magic as suits the day, the work of man's skill and man's industry. Look at Greenwich Park, with its trees of a hundred years' growth—its observatory, a watch-tower, where the mystery of the stars becomes knowledge—and the noble palace, dedicated to the noblest employ—the shelter of the old age of those whose youth was spent on the far and stormy sea in the defence of their country. Take Barnes Common, with its golden furze bright as any that was ever washed with summer rains in the vales of Windermere, the silvery gossamer that covers it at early morning as with a veil, fragile and glittering as that of hope; its hordes of wild flowers, the delicate blue veronica, the exquisitely moulded blossom of the wild thyme, the dandelion with its cobweb-like tuft, to be dispersed with a breath (and woe to them that need to give two, for they will not have their wish this time!); the little fountain in the centre, almost choked up with its ruined walls, buried beneath what made its former security, yet welling through the turf, rather marked by verdure than moisture. Then wander through the quiet lanes, whose hedges were filled with

every variety of blossom from the many pleasure-grounds about; the laburnum, with its falling and golden bloom, like a sudden shower of rain-drops through which the sun is shining; the horse-chestnuts, with their pyramids of crimson-lined flowers, like the gigantic trees of which travellers tell us in the East; the profusion of lilacs, the pink and white May, and the ash, to which we may apply what Wordsworth says of the birch,

"The weeping ash, the lady of the woods."

Add to these scenes a deep blue sky, only broken by white clouds; an entire repose, with perhaps a distant and hollow murmur telling of the mighty capital, heard though unseen;—and who will deny that the environs of London are full of nature, and beauty, and consequently of poetry? That these green fields and shadowy lanes are enjoyed is obvious, by the many pedestrians that on a Sabbath may be met in their depths, and the more enjoyed perhaps from the force of contrast. The country is very dear to him who during the week has been "in crowded cities pent." There is poetry enough about London, if its poets did but feel it; and if they have not done it justice, the fault is with their school, not with their scenes. Lord Byron sets forth the truth with equal strength and shrewdness.

"The grand distinction of the under-forms of the new school of poets is their *vulgarity*. By this I do not mean that they are coarse, but 'shabby-genteel,' as it is termed. A man may be coarse, and yet not vulgar, and the reverse. Burns is often coarse, but never vulgar. Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth, nor the higher of the Lake school, though they treat of low life in all its branches. It is in their *finery* that the new under-school are most vulgar, and they may be known by this at once; as what we called at Harrow 'a Sunday blood' might be easily distinguished from a gentleman, although his clothes might be the better cut, and his boots the best blackened, of the two;—probably because he made the one, or cleaned the other, with his own hands. In the present case, I speak of writing, not of persons. Of the latter, I know nothing; of the former, I judge as it is found. Of my friend Hunt, I have already said, that he is any thing but vulgar in his manners; and of his disciples, therefore, I will not judge of their manners from their verses. They may be honourable and gentlemanly men, for what I know; but the latter quality is studiously excluded from their publications. They remind me of Mr. Smith and the Miss Broughtons at the Hampstead Assembly, in 'Evelina.' In these things (in private life, at least) I pretend to some small experience; because, in the course of my youth, I have seen a little of all sorts of society, from the Christian prince and the Mussulman sultan and pasha, and the higher ranks of their countries, down to the London boxer, the 'flash and the swell,' the Spanish mulatto, the wandering Turkish dervise, the Scotch highlander, and the Albanian robber;—to say nothing of the curious varieties of Italian social life. Far be it from me to presume that there ever was, or can be, such a thing as an *aristocracy of poets*; but there is a nobility of thought and of style, open to all stations, and derived partly from talent and partly from education—which is to be found in Shakespeare, and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri, but which is no where to be perceived in the mock birds and bards of Mr. Hunt's little chorus. If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say that it is only to be defined by examples—of those

who have it, and those who have it not. In life, I should say that most military men have it, and few naval;—that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers;—that it is more frequent among authors than divines (when they are not pedants);—that fencing-masters have more of it than dancing-masters, and singers than players;—and that (if it be not an Irishism to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never make entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for any thing without it. It is the salt of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism*; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, 'signifying nothing.' It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both;—but is he ever vulgar? No: you see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject—its master, not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar the higher his subject; as the man who shewed the menagerie at Piddcock's was wont to say—'This, gentlemen, is the eagle of the sun, from Archangel, in Russia; the otterer it is, the igherer he flies.' But to the proofs. It is a thing to be felt more than explained. Let any man take up a volume of Mr. Hunt's subordinate writers, read (if possible) a couple of pages, and pronounce for himself if they contain not the kind of writing which may be likened to 'shabby-genteel' in actual life. When he has done this, let him take up Pope;—and when he has laid him down, take up the Cockney again—if he can."

We conclude with the generous tribute paid to Pope.

"Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him, who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence; the delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the Book of Life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry: it is honourable to him and to the art. Such a 'poet of a thousand years' was Pope. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can want them—he himself is a literature."

On one point only can we not agree with his lordship, who urges past license of expression as an extenuation for divers coarse words and phrases. Our objection is simply this,—it is no longer the custom of the day to permit it; and surely such restriction is an improvement. Why should we go back upon former faults? What was custom in an earlier writer, is bad taste in one now. Because Dryden used epithets no longer tolerated, it is no reason that Lord Byron should employ them. Nothing can be more ridiculous, or more false in reasoning, than to urge what is reprehensible in the past as an excuse for the present persevering in its practice.

An Account of the Life, Lectures, and Writings of William Cullen, M.D., &c. By John Thomson, M.D., &c. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 668. London, 1832. Cadell.

THE papers of the celebrated Dr. Cullen, after his decease, remained in the possession of his son, Lord Cullen, who, probably with the intention of himself doing justice to his father's memory, was unwilling, during his life-time, that they should be intrusted to any of his numerous acquaintance; but at the death of the latter, they were placed, by the surviving family, at the disposal of the present professor of pathology in the University of Edinburgh, who has discharged himself, in part, of his trust with that credit which might have been anticipated from his well-known, though long-neglected, talents. It is gratifying, in these days of brief and superficial biographies, to peruse a work of so elaborate and finished a character; which fills up a gap in our scientific literature, and adds another career of discovery and improvement to the long list of those whose names belong to history, and reflect honour on the country in which they lived. Dr. Cullen's progress in life was slow, and it was a tedious time before he overcame the difficulties which were put in his way to preferment in the University of Edinburgh, so celebrated for its tenacity to old opinions and old teachers.

He was born at Hamilton in 1710, and the early part of his life was passed at Glasgow, at sea, in attendance upon the Duke of Hamilton, and at Hamilton itself, where he began to practise, a short time previous to his marriage, which took place in 1741. Here, however, he did not remain for more than seven years; the medical school of Glasgow presented too fair a field for his talents and industry; and, in 1746, he was already engaged in delivering a course of lectures on the theory and practice of physic in the university of that town. He instituted, at the same time, lectures on chemistry, in conjunction with Mr. Carrick. During this period he had the singular good fortune to guide the early studies of Dr. Hunter and Dr. Black, who continued, during a long series of years, on terms of intimacy and friendship with their preceptor. Dr. Cullen succeeded Dr. Plummer to the chair of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, in 1756, chiefly through the instrumentality of the celebrated Lord Kames; but it was not till 1766 that he was admitted a professor of the institutes or theory of medicine. "Such were the difficulties," says his learned biographer, "to be overcome, and such the exertions required to procure, first a place in the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards the proper situation in it, for the man whose genius, talents, and industry, shed such a lustre over the institution, and contributed, in so remarkable a degree, to extend and to perpetuate the fame of its medical school!"

The comprehensive view which Dr. Thomson has taken of the history of medicine previous to the time when Dr. Cullen began to lecture on the institutes of that science, while it throws lustre on the labours of that great man, is, as a philosophical essay, highly creditable to the biographer. The *animism* of Stahl, who supposed all the animal functions and all actions, whether animal or intellectual, to be under the direct control of the rational soul, is dwelt upon at too great length, and has, in the metaphysical part of the discussion, entailed some unnecessary repetitions. Totally overthrown by the powerful mind of Haller, these doctrines did not

require, that comparative anatomy, or the modern discoveries in the physiology of the nervous system, should have existence, to be deprived of that credit which nothing but the great reputation of their author could have given them. Not so with regard to the doctrines of Hoffmann and Boerhaave, both of whom had perceived and stated the difference between mind and body; and the first, though led astray by the chemical and mechanical theories of Leibnitz and his school, yet preserved the doctrine of Aristotle, in teaching the existence of a rational, a sentient, and a vegetative soul. The schools of medicine founded by these great teachers have been very properly dilated upon; for the metaphysical pathology which serves them as a basis had hardly begun to be put to the test of observation when Dr. Cullen was called upon to bring his vigorous understanding to march in the steps of Haller and Whytt, and assist in reforming the sciences of medicine and physiology. We shall not follow the professor through his triumphant career, "armed (as a French writer has remarked) with a regular body of elementary medical doctrine, which was constantly improved in every successive public course"—the results have now long been before the world; and when we remember that the sciences of observation cannot proceed directly to perfection, we must, with the exception of some physiological points, always contemplate with pride and admiration the vast details which he had accumulated in a long and laborious life devoted to the interests of science, and the philosophy and method with which he had brought these to bear upon a system which was destined, for a lengthened number of years, to stand unrivalled in any school of medicine.

The learned professor of pathology has made this work the vehicle for some detailed remarks on the present state of the medical profession, more particularly its division into two branches. Nothing was more natural than that reflections of this kind should force themselves upon a teacher of that branch of science; for once the great principle granted, that there is no morbid action without a corresponding pathological condition, and the theory of unknown agencies disappears before the anatomy of function, and the essentiality of fevers, the prevalence of humours, the existence of hereditary diseases, days of crisis, &c. are swept from the pages of modern science. It is only a few years since a professorship of pathology has been established in the northern university, and it is easy to foresee that this innovation will lead to many others; for a school so long celebrated cannot remain far behindhand in those opinions which are now placed in an impugnable situation. The separation between physic and surgery took place in the dark ages, when the former was entirely in the hands of the clergy, who made it the means of emolument by involving it in superstition, and shunning, as is even done to the present day, the naked evidences of pathology—by making surgery a distinct and lower branch of the healing art, and intrusting the care of the wounded and lame to barbers and ignorant pretenders.

"The most superficial acquaintance," says the doctor, "with the symptoms, progress, and termination of the various morbid, acute or chronic, febrile or inflammatory affections to which the human body is liable, must be sufficient to convince every unprejudiced inquirer, that there is but a slight foundation, if indeed there be any, for the distinction between physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners, in the nature of the diseases which these prac-

tioners are required to treat, or in the mode of treatment by which the diseases themselves may be cured or relieved. Experience has long shewn, that on the one hand the use of internal remedies is required in a large proportion of the diseases which are regarded as strictly surgical; and on the other, that there are few diseases which come under the care of the physician, in which morbid affections requiring the manual aid or practical skill of the surgeon do not practically occur."

Again, a little farther on:

"Distinctions between the members of the medical profession have been recognised by the legislature, founded not on the different departments of practice to which they profess more particularly to direct their attention, but on the constitution of the different corporate bodies from which they derive their licenses to practise, and on the different titles which these bodies are pleased to bestow upon them. By means of such distinctions, the practitioners of the healing art in these kingdoms, instead of enjoying equal and reciprocal privileges, as members of one great community, are, as it were, divided into a number of petty companies, each possessing a monopoly in some particular branch of the trade, which, in too many instances, it watches with the utmost jealousy, and defends with the utmost keenness against the encroachments of its rivals."

And our last quotation:

"Of distinctions and privileges, such as those which have been mentioned, it is enough to ask, whether they really indicate, even in the remotest degree, the respective qualifications of those who possess them, for exercising with security and advantage to the public the responsible duties of their profession? Or whether, supposing they did indicate such differences in the qualifications of their possessors, can any thing be conceived more absurd than for a nation to fix a different standard of acquirements for its military, for its provincial, and for its metropolitan physicians?"

With these observations, then, upon a most interesting subject, to which we cannot do justice on the present occasion, we conclude our notice of the first part of a work of very great merit, and deserving the attention of all classes of readers.

Tales and Novels of Maria Edgeworth, Vol. II. Moral Tales, Vol. I. London, 1832. Baldwin and Co.

How many of the volumes with which we delighted our youth, do we now open with astonishment, ay and disdain of our former enjoyment, marvelling how we could ever find delight therein! Not so with those of Maria Edgeworth; we read them again with renewed pleasure, and only do more entire justice to their many and varied merits. Some of the follies against which her shafts were directed are now obsolete, and some sketches of manners and fashion are now no more; but this makes us see more forcibly the life that truth and sense can impart to satire. No one ever managed circumstances, and their consequences, better than Miss Edgeworth; no one ever developed a moral theory more completely; and in her hands utility becomes as amiable as it is expedient; the right course, and the advantages of that right course, are placed in the most striking point of view; and the effects of energy and integrity become as apparent in the fiction as they are in real life. We know no more valuable present to a young person than the works of Maria Edgeworth. The present volume has a frontispiece engraved by C. Rolls,

and a vignette by Englehart, both very pretty; and most cordially do we recommend this neat and excellent publication to the favour of our readers.

Richard of York; or, the White Rose of England. 3 vols. Lond. 1832. Fisher and Co. THERE is considerable cleverness in this work; but it wants both the originality and the interest which give life to these creations. The subject is hackneyed; and Mrs. Shelley's failure in *Perkin Warbeck* might well have deterred another adventurer. The language is easy, and the sentiments unexceptionable; but the people want life, and the scenes effect. The character of the Franciscan is an exaggeration. A man does not set all his wits to work to destroy a whole family, merely because their mother, who was not even aware of his love, has wedded another. There is a deceitful easiness about writing in the present day: command of language is given by well-known rules, an idea is taken from one, a hint from another, a character from a third, and an image from a fourth. The materials all seem ready; but, alas! there is no master-hand to bind them together; and the fabric soon sinks into the sands of oblivion,—as all will that are not built on the firm rock of genuine talent.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XII. Sterne, Vol. II. Cochrane.

THE conclusion of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*, with four of George Cruikshank's most humorous designs, recommend this volume as fully worthy of the succession and success of its predecessors. Slop and Susannah in battle is quite a hit; and the smoking batteries, with Uncle Toby and Trim, full of character. There are no illustrations of the *Sentimental Journey*: in Cruikshank's hands what might there not be?

Family Classical Library, No. XXX. Valpy. A RICH and various little volume, with Hesiod from Elton, Bion and Moschus, Sappho and Musæus, by F. Fawkes, and Lycophron, by Lord Royston. It is a pretty library in itself.

Juvenile Sunday Library, Vol. I. Lives of the Apostles and early Martyrs of the Church. By the Author of "the Trial of Skill." Pp. 207. Hatchard and Son.

THE first specimen of a well-devised and well-performed design. It does great credit to the writer, and will do great good to the reader. Let our young friends make it a Sunday book for their enjoyment.

Family Feuds; or, Fragments of a Tale of many Centuries. 8vo. pp. 57. London, Ridgway.

A CLEVER *jeu d'esprit*, and, what is more when we consider its subject, a temperate and, (if the salutary counsels couched under its pleasantry are attended to as they deserve) likely to be a very useful one. It personifies the Bull and Patrician families, and casts a just, though amusing retrospect, over the past history of England and Ireland, as well as their present position; recommending conciliation instead of agitation, and rational agreement instead of ill-will and fury. We heartily give it our best reports, and trust it may produce good effects where graver arguments have failed. There is both wit and humour in the execution; and it makes us smile where it makes us ponder on bygone follies and existing absurdities. Unconnected with the main subject

we quote a whimsical passage from the preface, as an example of the writer's sportive talent.

"But for the advice of a friend, in whose judgment and taste I have great reliance, the reader would have found, among other novelties in this little volume, the mottoes placed at the end instead of the beginning of the chapters, for I do not yet quite understand why they are ever placed otherwise. Mottoes have been compared to sign-posts, held out to tempt the entrance of the traveller, by explaining what is to be found within; but I never heard of any person going into an inn with the expectation of encountering a red lion, or a blue bear, still less an angel or the Duke of Wellington, though they might not be surprised by being greeted by a Belle Sauvage. The motto should be appropriate to the subject you have read—till then it is like any other scrap of learning or of taste. In perusing Sir Walter Scott's novels, where the mottoes form such an interesting feature, I always return to enjoy them thoroughly after I have finished the chapter."

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXXI. The History of Switzerland. London, Longman and Co.

OF this new monthly arrival, we have but time to observe, that it is very complete in itself, and a very eligible part of the series to which it belongs. A spirited vignette, by H. Corbould and E. Finden, represents the death of Gesler.

Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, &c. By John Britton, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 148. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

THIS volume is what we could have expected from Mr. Britton's pen,—miscellaneous, descriptive, neatly embellished, useful, and amusing. Tunbridge Wells, under the liberal enterprise of Mr. Ward, the owner of the Calverley estate, seconded by a similar spirit in Messrs. Bramah and Mr. Decimus Burton—the whole carried into effect with excellent taste—has entered upon a new and splendid era in the race of fashionable places of resort, where health is sought in salubrious springs, and retirement or society are at the option of the inhabitant. In former *Gazettes* we have noticed the immense improvements here carrying on, so immense as almost to deserve the name of national. Of these, in their more complete state, Mr. Britton gives a clear account, as he does of every thing around which can engage the attention—geology, antiquities, early history, topography, accommodations, neighbouring curiosities, and objects worthy of visits. In short, all matters that can make a guide-book pleasing are touched upon with the skill of an experienced hand, and hold out strong temptations to a trip to the Wells, over whose varieties they are so well contrived to lead us. We speak *con amore*, for Tunbridge Wells is a very favourite retirement of ours.

Two Lectures on the Circulation, Respiration, and Mode of Nutrition in Animals and Plants. By W. H. Robertson, M.D. 8vo. pp. 32. Chesterfield, 1832.

IT is only by such works as the above that we are now and then reminded of the effects of however slight a removal from the working community in science. These lectures were written for the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Chesterfield; and though an unpretending account of facts, accompanied by much moral reflection, they have nothing that can give them a claim to more than local interest.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 25.—Mr. Brockedon gave an account of the *Pering* anchor, preceded by remarks upon the use and general form of the common anchor, which, he said, had scarcely varied during 2000 years, though in its structure some changes had taken place, chiefly from the increased magnitudes now required,—that its bulk, amounting even to five tons for a first-rate, rendered it an instrument of extremely difficult formation, from the thickness of those parts which, in welding, the force of the hammer seldom reached. The old mode of obtaining these large forged masses, was by forming faggots of iron bars, kept together by rings, which, at a welding heat, were cemented by tilt-hammers and other heavy percussive powers; but the force of the blow seldom effectively reached the inner bars. The consequence was, that the stretching of the outer bars exceeding that of the inner, the tenacity of the bars was unequal, and of the mass defective. This difficulty of welding a large mass was increased at the crown of the anchor, where the shank was joined to the arms, where it was thickest, and where the increased quantity put for security increased the difficulty of making it secure, and it was in this part that most of the old anchors broke.

Mr. Pering's first improvements were in the formation of the parts, by flat plates or bars of iron placed edgewise to the line of resistance. By this structure, it is not necessary to the strength of the anchor that the inner plates should be welded together; compared with an anchor faggoted in the usual way, and rendered completely solid by welding, it is very much stronger; as the flat plates, by successive rolling, become fibrous, and acquire a greatly increased strength over a more crystallised iron. When these flat bars are firmly welded on the outside, the greatest strength is attained in the direction of each part, and every part of Mr. Pering's anchor is thus formed of layers of plates placed edgewise to the strain to which it is liable. This is accomplished at the crown, or joining of the shank to the arms, in an admirable manner: the plates at the lower end of the shank are split through their sides and turned, edgewise of the layers, on either side, so as to form the inner part of the arms. The outer is formed likewise of plates turned edgewise, and overlaying the inner part, thus continuing the fibrous course and strongest resistance of the iron through that part of the *Pering* anchor which had always been the weakest in the old one.

Some improvements in the form have also been made by Mr. Pering, by giving a curve to the arms from the fluke or palm, to the crown, which places the fulcrum nearer the resisting end of the lever, at the moment when its resistance is greatest in raising the anchor. It is difficult to convey an idea of these differences of structure and form without diagrams, which, though exhibited at the Royal Institution, cannot be given here. Many beautiful models in wood and iron were shewn by Mr. Brockedon, to illustrate the subject. Mr. Pering's first improvements, chiefly in structure, were patented in 1813, and are now entirely adopted in his Majesty's navy. Last year Mr. Pering patented an improvement in the form of his anchor, in which, by increasing in the direction of the strain, the depth of the metal, in an anchor of the same weight, he gained strength as he increased the line of resistance. Numerous trials against other anchors, of the same,

or greater weight, proved the superior advantages of the *Pering* anchors.

Several trials have taken place at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham dock-yards, before Commissioners Fanshawe, Grey, Barlow, and Ross. The first, April 1813, of 24 cwt., it broke a 24 cwt., 29 cwt., and 35 cwt. At Chatham, 11th April, 1815, against one of 25 cwt.; Portsmouth, in May 1816, 48 cwt.; at Plymouth, 1831, of 53 cwt. In the last, the trial was made against a hollow-shanked anchor of Mr. Rogers: the two anchors opposed bore great power. The mode of trial was by placing the toes or points of the flukes against two large bollards firmly propped; two three-fold blocks were then lashed and reeved to the ring of each anchor by a nine-inch hawser; the standing parts of each were carried to two capstans, one on either side, which capstans were manned by one hundred men to each; on the two first heaves, the two toes or points of the arms of the hollow-shanked anchor gave way; on the two last heavings, the two arms of Mr. Rogers' anchor gave way in three places, the whole of which was sustained on one arm only of Mr. Pering's. The strain was so great that it brought the hundred men at each capstan to a stand-still, and may be calculated at about 350 tons dead weight.

The cost of anchors for the public service is immense: to supply the navy once only, requires a sum above 500,000*l*. Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent of metal is wasted in the forging; and the cost of such an anchor is 400*l*.

It is difficult to imagine any improvement of which the anchor is now capable; the experience of ages has proved its general form to be the best. The enormous size of modern anchors presents great difficulties in their manufacture; for a first-rate, weighing 2,600 tons afloat, requires, not merely strength enough in the anchor to prevent its drifting, but to oppose the enormous momentum of such a bulk in motion, produced by the pressure of the wind on her rigging and the sea on her bows, and forming an aggregate of power to be restrained, which the mind can scarcely conceive. The old mode of structure, now so clearly proved to be defective, has been superseded; and the *Pering* anchor leaves nothing that is obviously imperfect to correct. Mr. Brockedon closed his remarks by observing, that when the immense importance of this instrument is considered, the improvements made by Mr. Pering in its form, and most especially in its structure, must be to him a source of honourable pride and gratification, and to his country (the greatest as a maritime power) one of the most important benefits ever conferred for the preservation of life and property. Many valuable additions have been made to our means of production in manufacture—new wants have been created by the facility of gratifying them; in calling to our aid new mechanical combinations from our powerful resources; but, however ingenious these may be, however they may raise the character of this country for skill, and increase the capital of our manufacturers, they sink in interest when compared with the anchor. The steam-engine, with all its wonders, was not essential to the maritime intercourse of nations; but the anchor is indispensable, and without it the steam-engine itself would be comparatively worthless, since the excess of its productions would soon destroy its utility if these were limited in their use to the country which produced them.

GEOLOGICAL AND ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.

In noticing critically the proceedings of the Geological and Zoological Societies, we are happy at the opportunity which is presented to us of doing more justice to the labours of these active and learned institutions, than we can at all times effect in our hurried reports. This is a plan which we have some time had in contemplation, and which, we have every reason to hope, in its practical application, will prove equally advantageous to the societies and to the public. Mr. Hutton's paper on the stratiform basalt associated with the carboniferous formation of the north of England, was concluded on the 4th of January (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 781). The deductions obtained by the author have excited much controversy. Mr. Hutton conceives 'the great whin sill to be one of the oldest basaltic eruptions of that neighbourhood.' Professor Sedgwick, from a careful examination of High Tensdale, considered the same great mass to have been injected laterally, and to be posterior to the deposition of the limestones and slates, the metalliferous deposits of those districts. In this opinion Professor Sedgwick is supported by Mr. Murchison, who, from an examination of the same vicinity, asserts the overlying depositary bed to be quite as much altered in structure as those immediately below the basalt. At the late meeting of naturalists held at York, Mr. Phillips argued the probability that the sill had been ejected by an active volcano during the deposition of the metalliferous limestone; and was thus anterior to some beds, and posterior to others. And in an investigation we made of the situation of the same wedge-shaped beds at Alston Moor and in western Northumberland, we certainly found the same phenomena to characterise the position of the whin as occur in similar deposits in Derbyshire, in Mid-Lothian, and in Dumfriesshire; though it is not at all improbable, as advanced by Mr. Murchison, that, in the elevated region of the first-mentioned district, currents of submarine volcanic matter found issue at intervals, which were continued even beyond the period when the oolitic deposits were accumulated over the Yorkshire moorlands.—The close relation traced by Mr. T. Bell between the fossil tortoise of Emsingen, and the *Chelydra serpentina*, or snapping tortoise, of North America, is curious on several accounts; and reminds us that the tapir of the same country, discovered by Mr. Roulin, was found to have a much greater resemblance to the palæotherium than to any known species. Some authors have stated that the mastodon probably still exists in the higher valleys of the Cordilleras.—The next memoir in importance, and the only one we shall notice, is that of Professor Sedgwick, who has resumed his laborious task of explaining the varied and complicated relations of the oldest secondary and transition rocks of the north of England. The further conclusions to which this able geologist has arrived, are, that in Cumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, and Shropshire, there is the same succession of deposits overlying the carboniferous order; that the lower red sandstone represents the lowest division of the red sandstone series; that the magnesian conglomerates are on the higher parallel of the formation of magnesian limestone; and that the succession of deposits overlying the south-western coal-fields is imperfect, inasmuch as the lowest division of the new red sandstone series is entirely wanting.

Though Mr. Murchison's annual address is not distinguished by the same comprehensive

grasp of intellect as the similar report of Professor Sedgwick, yet it is characterised by sound judgment and an intimate acquaintance with practical details. The attempt to anatomise the miserable production of Dr. Macculloch is a failure. But we were most amused with some peculiarities in style; as, "we may say that fossil botany is at length taking root among us;" and, "the venerable Count Montlosier, being desirous of proving that the fire of his youth, during which he wrote on old volcanoes, still burns within him, has sent a lively account of Vesuvius." It affords us pleasure to hear that the proceeds of the Wollaston fund have been adjudged to Mr. Lonsdale, to enable him, during the ensuing summer, to continue his researches on the colitic formations in the north of England; and we are still more happy to find, in the report of the council, the most irrefragable proof of the flourishing and prosperous condition of the Society.

The proceedings of the committee of science and correspondence of the Zoological Society bear testimony that all is not mere ornament at that institution; and that there are, among its members, some who take a pride in advancing the real interests of science, as well by slow investigation and observation as by the more alluring diffusion of superficial or popular information. The most important additions to science have been made by Mr. H. Cuming, during a voyage undertaken in 1827, 28, 29, and 30, for the purpose of obtaining subjects in natural history on the western coast of South America, its adjacent islands, and many of those which form the archipelago of the South Pacific Ocean. Among the mammalia, Mr. Bennett pointed out as new, an otter, to be called *Lutra Chilensis*. It does not differ much in appearance from the European otter. Its fur is composed of woolly and silky hairs; its colour glossy brown, paler on the belly, darker towards the rump and tail. Its length 2 feet 4 inches. Also a mouse, (*Mus longicaudatus*), whose tail is nearly double the length of its body. This pretty animal is covered with a fur of a deep ashy-grey at the base, and fawn-coloured or pale rufous at the tips. Its *moustaches* are silvery-tipped. And another beautiful little animal of the rat tribe, with tufted tail, formed the basis of a new genus *Ocotodon* (*O. Cumingii*). They are the food of the horned owl of Valparaiso. Mr. Vigors described several birds, from the same collection, as new; and Mr. Bennett a new *Syngnathus* (*S. fucicola*), nearly allied to the *S. acus* of Linnaeus. The collection is extremely rich in crustaceans, mollusca, and other invertebrate animals inhabiting the sea; which will be laid before the Society as the descriptions are completed. Four new species of humming-birds have been described, from the collection of Mr. J. Gould, as inhabitants of Popayan. The Moormi cat, a new species, of a rich brown red, or bay colour, was described, from the collection of Mr. Hodgson, as inhabiting Nepal; also a new species of antelope, (*A. bubalina*), from the same collection. A Lemniscoid animal, from Madagascar, has been placed by Mr. Bennett in a new group, under the name of *Propithecus* (*P. diadema*); and Mr. Gray described a new animal, of the rat tribe, from New Holland, as the *Pseudomys Australis*. Mr. Cunningham also brought from the same country two undescribed reptiles, of one of which Mr. Gray forms a new genus in the family of Geckos, under the name of *Dipodactylus vittatus*; the other is a species of *Tiliqua* (*T. Cunninghami*).

These are the principal additions made to science since the commencement of the year. Many of the animals which have died at the gardens have been dissected; and the details, in most cases, reflect much credit upon Mr. Owen as an anatomist; though we are at a loss to discover why the terms adopted by G. St. Hilaire, to express the variety of conformation which is met with in the hyoid bone, has not been used in the comparison instituted between that organ in the jaguar and in the ocelot, when it would certainly have rendered the author's views so much clearer. Mr. W. Daniell, R.A., has announced his intention to publish twenty engravings of antelopes, from drawings made by his brother from living animals, in his different journeys in Africa. The antelope of the desert has been so long a symbol of beauty, that we have every reason to hope this undertaking will meet with extensive patronage.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR H. HALFORD in the chair. The registrar read a communication from the physician to the embassy at Constantinople, dated March 1832, on cholera, and mode of treatment, particularly in reference to the use of the lancet. The author properly enough considers the disease as one of congestion: for restoring the lost balance of the circulation, he recommends bleeding and dry friction. When the disorder was ravaging Constantinople last year, so beneficial were these means, that vast numbers of persons in the earlier stages of attack were seen crowding the surgeons' and barbers' shops, and after submitting to the operation of blood-letting, going away as if nothing had happened. When the blood has assumed that tar-like appearance which characterises *putrid blood*, friction with towels dipped in spirits was found to be an excellent restorative; internally brandy and laudanum were administered, and in the convalescent state mild mucilaginous liquors. The author observes, that immunity from attack depends considerably on the state of the mind. The inhabitants of Pera, he says, suffered dreadfully, consequent on the alarm occasioned by the great fire which happened there last August.—A portion of a paper on perspiration was then read; it was written by the elder Dr. Heberden nearly a century ago. The son, in a note to Sir Henry Halford, draws attention to the advances which science has made since that period, and therefore apologises for bringing forward a communication of so old a date.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

20^d 23^d 29^m — the Sun enters Cancer. 30^d 21^h — the Earth at its greatest distance from the Sun.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Leo	5	9	29
☾ Full Moon in Ophiuchus	12	19	44
☾ Last Quarter in Pices	20	23	14
☾ New Moon in Gemini	27	19	68

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	4	16	27
Uranus in Capricornus	18	1	0
Jupiter in Pices	20	19	20
Mars in Pices	31	33	40
Venus in Taurus	27	3	4
Mercury in Taurus	27	7	43

Mercury is visible in the early part of the month as a morning star. 5^d — greatest south latitude. 24^d — ascending node. 25^d 18^h — in conjunction with Venus; difference in declination 21'. 29^d — in perihelion.

7^d — Venus in conjunction with 2^a Tauri;

difference of latitude 2'. 27^d — ascending node. 28^d — in conjunction with H Geminorum; difference of latitude 13'.

7^d — Mars attains his greatest south latitude. 30^d — perihelion.

The Asteroids. — 1^d — Vesta 23^d south of α Leonis. 4^d — Juno 40' north of ϵ Leonis. 14^d — Pallas a degree north of 28 Piscium. 9^d — Ceres in conjunction with α Piscium.

18^d 2^h 15^m — Jupiter in quadrature.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, Immersion ..	13	14	13
Third Satellite	19	14	30

9^d — Major axis of Saturn's ring 40'' 28': minor axis 3' 93.

1^d — Uranus west of 42, 44, and 45 Capricorni.

Dexford.

J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

DAVIES GILBERT, Esq. in the chair.—Part of a communication on certain experiments with the pendulum, by F. Baily, Esq. was read; the title of the paper was indistinctly heard. The scientific author, to ensure greater accuracy, and for the sake of convenience, had forty-one pendulums swung in his own house, where he could pursue his experiments without interruption. In the outset of his paper, he draws the attention of the Society to the ever-occurring anomalies in the oscillations of pendulums,—no two having yet been found in exact accordance,—which hitherto have baffled the care of the most ingenious. To remedy these discrepancies as much as possible, various experiments in air and in vacuo were tried. In this portion of the paper the results are not given, it being taken up chiefly with descriptions of the pendulums employed by Mr. Baily. On the table was placed Professor Ritchie's apparatus, by which the spark from a common horse-shoe magnet is made to detonate the oxygen and hydrogen gases. The chairman gave notice of the ballot for Lord Spencer Churchill, Lieut. Stratford, R.N., and several others; and as foreign members, Baron Damoiseau, &c.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MAY 31. Mr. Gurney in the chair.—Mr. Knight exhibited drawings by Mr. Brooke of Roman pottery, and other remains of antiquity, found in the bed of the Thames in preparing for the foundations of New London Bridge. A paper from Mr. Logan was read, accompanied by two drawings descriptive of an ancient fort in Scotland. Mr. Gage communicated an account of the present state of St. Alban's abbey church; and Mr. Ellis copies of three documents in the British Museum, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in the year 1582—one from the Stationers' Company, praying for support in their exclusive rights; the others on the opposite side of the question, complaining of the monopolies of the stationers and booksellers.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 452. *Archimedes*. H. Wyatt.—The same head, upon a larger scale, as that now exhibiting at the Suffolk Street Gallery, which we noticed in our 792d Number. It is a work of a very superior class, and combines some of the best qualities of the Italian and Flemish schools.

No. 445. *One Girl listening to another who*

plays on a Guitar. J. Z. Bell.—A tasteful composition, to which a little more warmth and brilliancy of colour would be beneficial.

No. 435. *The Revels of Bacchus and Ariadne: a finished Sketch for a more extensive Composition.* J. M. Leigh.—If somewhat hard, yet manifesting powerful indications of high talent. Of this the female on the left is a striking proof.

No. 439. *A Decoy.* J. Inskipp.—Is this sporting, or poaching? Is it fair game, or a fair subject for the cognizance of the game-laws? In either case, whoever may become the possessor of this clever picture will have no reason to complain of being "decoyed."

No. 427. *Othello, Act. 5, Scene ii.* E. D. Leahy.—The character of the Moor, to use a theatrical phrase, is well sustained. The picture throughout is well coloured; but, with reference to the figure of Desdemona, and to the *tout ensemble* as a composition, we do not think it equal to some of Mr. Leahy's former works.

No. 424. *Scene on the River Itchin.* F. W. Watts; No. 426. *Scene in Worcestershire.* T. Crewick; No. 434. *Reynard's Cave, Dove Dale, Derbyshire.* F. C. Lewis; and No. 446. *Court Scene, Misty Morning.* J. Tennant; are among the best landscapes in this room.

Before we leave this floor, we must briefly notice the portraits. Although that department of the fine arts has not been entirely "shorn of its beams" by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Jackson, it has certainly suffered a temporary eclipse. Many admirable portraits adorn the walls of Somerset House in the present year; but it cannot be denied that the taste and elegance of Sir Thomas, and Mr. Jackson's vigorous and faithful hues, are sadly missed.

No. 71. *Portrait of his Majesty King William IV.* D. Wilkie, R.A.; No. 197. *His Majesty.* Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—The position of these royal whole lengths necessarily induces a comparison between them:

"Which king, Besonant? speak, or die!"

Opinion will in this, as in most cases, vary. Each has its merits; and they present different expressions. Mr. Wilkie's has more of energy in countenance and bearing, and has more of an historical cast, than Sir William's. The latter possesses domestic character, and conveys a look of care and anxiety, which, if it did not formerly belong to his Majesty, may well have been produced by the events that have occurred since his accession.

No. 1. *Cheerfulness: Portrait of a Lady.* J. Partridge.—If of Mr. Turner's "Jessica," in the Exhibition of 1830, it was justly said by a contemporary, that it smacked of the mustard-pot, we cannot help thinking that this sparkling production has had a sprinkling from the cream-jug. It is, nevertheless, a very clever effect of reflected light and transparency of colour.

No. 15. *Portrait of General Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—In this masculine performance, the artist maintains his ground in the field of art with the vigour with which his subject would maintain his ground in the field of battle, were his services again required there. The attitude is easy and unaffected; and although the sword is in the left hand, we have no doubt that it is in the right, and that the action is one of etiquette or physical necessity.

No. 122. *Portrait of Eyre Coote, Esq. M.P.*; No. 158. *Portrait of J. B. Morritt, Esq. in the costume of the Archmaster of the Society of Dilettanti, and painted by their desire.* Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—These portraits, distin-

guished as the originals are in rank and character, stand equally high as works of art, and are among the best samples of the president's pencil.

No. 67. *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology, Oxford*; No. 202. *Portrait of the Rev. A. Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Cambridge*; No. 342. *Portrait of Miss Pearson.* T. Phillips, R.A.—If to either of the first two of these fine pictures we should give a preference, we might bring upon ourselves the anger of the rival university. We will content ourselves, therefore, with saying, that they are among the artist's best productions. With respect to the last-mentioned work, we cannot but express our surprise and regret that a gentleman of Mr. Phillips's high character should condescend to send to the Exhibition an original portrait by Vandyke, with his name attached to it! Seriously, it is worthy of the pencil of that great master.

No. 166. *Portrait of Mrs. Opie.* H. P. Briggs, R.A. elect.—Celebrated for her literary talents, and the widow of an eminent painter, whose taste she is said to have greatly improved, and whose austerity she is said to have much softened, Mrs. Opie well deserves a place among the distinguished public characters of this country. We are glad that it has fallen to the lot of so able an artist as Mr. Briggs to give a resemblance of her; although we must say, that in the expression there is something which appears like "calling up a look."

No. 128. *Portrait of Lady Mary Fox.* G. S. Newton, R.A.—The only production of Mr. Newton's pencil in the present exhibition; a circumstance which its excellent qualities, both of character and of execution, compel us to lament.

No. 93. *Portrait of Miss Carlisle.* H. Howard, R.A.—Beautiful; yet Mr. Howard ought to remember, that the incessant repetition of the same style cannot fail to become monotonous.

No. 92. *Portrait of Mr. Harley, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane*; No. 44. *Portrait of Henry Robinson, Esq.*; No. 238. *Portrait of Mrs. Armine Herring.* G. Clint, A.—Admirable specimens of Mr. Clint's talents: placing him in the foremost rank of our portrait painters.

No. 409. *A Group: Portraits of the Earl of Munster, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Lady Sophia Sydney, Lady Mary Fox, Lady Errol, Lady Kennedy Erskine, and Lady Faulkland.* J. Hayter.—We have already adverted to the difficulty of such a pictorial arrangement as the present. Whatever may be thought of this composition in that respect, the sentiment of the picture is of an amiable character; the eyes of most of those who form the group being fixed with affectionate regard on the bust of their sovereign and father.

No. 415. *Portrait of Lord Warren de Tabley.* Mrs. Carpenter.—This admirable portrait appears to us to unite the qualities of the two lamented artists, Lawrence and Jackson, to whom we lately adverted. When, in conjunction with it, we look at No. 280. *Portrait of an Officer in the 2d Life Guards*, and No. 293. *Portrait of Stephens Lyne Stephens, Esq.*, Mrs. J. Robertson; we really feel doubtful whether the palm of superiority in portrait-painting ought not at the present moment to be worn by the ladies.

No. 362. *Portrait of A. W. Calcott, Esq. R.A.* J. Linnell.—An excellent resemblance, and painted with great spirit.

No. 87. *Portrait of Viscountess Hood*; No. 216. *Portrait of Viscountess Hood.* Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—Equal in colouring and execution to this veteran artist's more youthful works.

No. 19. *Portraits of the Children of a Gentleman amusing themselves in a garden.* R. R. Reinagle, R.A.—They could scarcely have been better employed, or better depicted.

There are a number of other clever portraits by G. Beechey, R. T. Bone, Geddes, Harrison, Joseph, Lane, Leahy, Phillips, Pickersgill, Renton, Rothwell, Shee, &c.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Penny-Wedding. Painted by D. Wilkie; engraved by James Stewart. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE have here a large, bold, and fine engraving of one of Wilkie's most characteristic pictures. *The Penny-Wedding* was always popular in real life, and must be so when so admirably represented by art. The merry dancers, the lookers-on, the fiddlers, the old folks chatting their remarks, the children or peeping or enjoying the scene more broadly, the little accidents and events affecting various parties, the eating, the drinking, and all the accessories, are true to actual life: we have seen the thing, and can swear to every person and circumstance, to every fling and motion, to every look and gesture, to every stitch of clothes, and every trait of countenance. So much as refers to our incomparable Wilkie: with regard to Mr. Stewart, his performance requires a few words more. He has accurately and ably placed a transcript of the original before us, and in a high style of art. The general effect is perfectly satisfactory, and there are parts (nearly every part) of admirable workmanship. Yet there is something in his method which does not entirely hit our fancy; and which gives many of the faces, even in the foreground, a sort of scrambled look, instead of the finish we could wish. Artists may perhaps dwell on this as a beauty; seeing that the general effect, as we have noticed, is fully preserved, and that the manner of the painter may, in several instances, be faithfully imitated; but it does appear to us that, from the thickness of the lines, an indistinctness of feature results, which had better have been avoided.

The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Irby. Engraved by J. Cochran, from a Painting by J. P. Davis. Bull.

THE 90th of the Series of the Female Nobility, published in *La Belle Assemblée* of the present month. It is full of animated and pleasing feminine expression.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals, drawn from the life and engraved by Thomas Landseer: with Descriptive Notices by John Barrow, Esq. Part VIII. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE Part before us closes this entertaining and valuable publication; and closes it with unabated spirit. That "rare union of a mastery of the pencil and of the burin," which has enabled Mr. Thomas Landseer to infuse into these etchings so much vigour, power, and fidelity, was never more finely exemplified than in his plates of "The Puma," "The Striped Hyena," "The Hippopotamus," and "The Camel;" with their accompanying and appropriate vignettes; and in the Descriptive and Illustrative Notices Mr. Barrow has, as in former instances, completely succeeded in his

endeavour "to combine, with a popular method of stating facts and discussing properties, an adherence to scientific classification, as well as to natural arrangement." The work is one that must be highly interesting to every lover of natural history, and that ought especially to be in the library of every member of the Zoological Society.

Trial by Battle. By H. Andrew. Lithography. London, F. Kennedy.

A VERY cleverly conceived and executed design from the well-known description of the fight between Harry Gow and Bonthron, in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. It reflects credit on Mr. Andrew's graphic invention.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

THIS excellent charity held its seventeenth anniversary on Saturday last, when we were sorry to hear an apology for his R.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, (who was to have filled the chair), on the score of ill health: his office, however, found a very able substitute in the President of the Royal Academy, who went through the duties of the day with great judgment and *éclat*. The various loyal, benevolent, and complimentary toasts, were appositely and eloquently introduced; the utmost harmony prevailed; and the subscription reached to between five and six hundred pounds!



THE GARRICK CLUB PAPERS, NO. XV.

Garrick Club Dinner to Mr. Young.

THIS most agreeable of clubs gave a dinner on Thursday to Mr. Young, on his retirement from the stage. The Marquess of Clanricarde took the chair, and was supported by about sixty members, lovers of the drama, and admirers of their honoured guest. Among the company were Lords Castlereagh, Kinnaird, W. Lennox, Edward Thynne, Henry Fitzroy, and the Hon. Mr. Stanley; Messrs. Macready, C. Kemble, Farley, Charles Taylor, Sheridan Knowles, Abbott, Harley, Duruset, C. Mathews, &c. &c. Mr. Young's health, which was introduced by the noble chairman in an appropriate and pointed speech, was received with enthusiasm; and that distinguished actor returned thanks with feeling and eloquence. The memories of Garrick, of Shakespeare, and of John Philip Kemble, were afterwards given. Charles Taylor sang many humorous songs, and was rewarded with a bumper and three times three. Harley, Duruset, and Charles Mathews, also shewed by their exertions that they were determined not only to enjoy themselves, but also to impart merriment to others. Lord Kinnaird, on the retirement of the Marquess of Clanricarde, took the chair, and the meeting did not separate till a late hour—too late for us to do more than give it this brief notice.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

METALLIC PENS.

OUR notice of a newly invented pen in a recent Number has procured us the favour of a communication from Mr. Perry, not only the patentee, but the "Double Patentee" of the Perryian pens; a favour which demands our attention in return. Comparisons, it is well known, are odious; and there never was, nor ever shall be in our day, any thing odious in the *Literary Gazette*. Therefore, having said our say respecting the oblique pens, our course is straight forward touching these, not birds of a feather, which go direct to a point without angle or inclination. We have tried them, and we have tried their powder, or *limpidum*, for liquefying the ink; and being, as the phrase goes, put upon our metal, our writing was clear and unambiguous, as the reader may readily perceive. But we confess we cannot go all the length of Mr. Perry's printed prospectus and description: we are so stupid, that we doubt if a treble patent could open our talent to this extent. It may be expedient to explain—and we do so, after using every one of the nine pens in the packet, upon our conscience and veracity. Our worthy correspondent, the inventor of these articles, gives us a statement of the "features which distinguish all sorts of Perryian pens from those of the goose-quill, and from all other kinds of pens whatever." He assures us, *inter alia*, that "they write better than any other pens whatever," and "every page written with them is as uniform in its appearance as a printed page." This looks very much as if these pens directed the hands, and not hands these pens! But we are all aware of the power of the pen; and in fact, according to the same authority, "the excellence of these pens speedily establishes elegance in the current hand of every person who habituates himself to their use," which entirely establishes the truth of the assertion.

The next "feature," we own, startles us a trifle.

"Unlike all other pens, they (the Perryian) do not impede but assist the progress of thought."

What would the author of "Thinks I to Myself" have written had he employed these wonderful coadjutors? Would he have stopped short of a thousand editions? We have a great mind to make a book, entitled "Our Thoughts; assisted by A Pen." Or, perhaps, considering the nature of the aid, we had better publish in the shape of a *Pen-ny* newspaper or magazine, and rival our late friend Perry's *Morning Chronicle* with a piece of Perryian mechanism, at the small cost of a halfpenny! Indeed, we are inclined to be of opinion that it is the qualities of these pens that have recently led to the produce of so many cheap periodicals, which uninformed persons have erroneously ascribed to scissors and paste. The ideas they contain are so evidently not from the human brain, that it is easy to believe they proceed entirely from pens which have a sort of knack of thinking for themselves. As we talk of pen and ink sketches, so may we talk of pen and ink thoughts;—and this very original notion is itself a proof that our pen, not we, is the author of the present paper.

But why dwell on these extraordinary pretensions?—it is egotistical— suffice it to conclude, in Perryian quotation, "these pens save a third of the paper;" "these pens save a third of the time of the writer;" "the most illegible hand written with these pens is much more easy to read than when written with any other kind;" these pens are "recently infinitely im-

proved." *Vide*, as the prospectus has it, the "daily, weekly, and periodical press of the entire empire, with scarcely a single exception."

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

COSMORAMA; WORKS OF ART, &c.

ONE roof in Regent Street attracts the country cousins in London, and the natives themselves, just now with a variety of attractions, and a lounge can hardly be more amusingly bestowed than upon the spectacles it presents.—The *Cosmorama* has a new set of seven views, all of them of considerable beauty and interest. Among these, Interlaken is a fine and clear landscape, giving a perfect idea of Swiss scenery; the point whence Versailles palace and gardens are taken is not particularly judicious, but the details are accurate. Constipation on fire introduces to the spectator a novelty: in the actual representation of the flames flashing up and subsiding at intervals, so as to produce extraordinary effects upon the surrounding buildings and country. This is a great treat for the juveniles; but the best of all these pieces is, that they convey to the mind correct notions of different people, and the aspect of the lands in which they live.

Collection of Works of Art.—This is a numerous, rich, and very superior collection of productions in various classes of art; principally fine Italian carvings in ivory, such as chalices, cups, &c. by Cellini and others; enamels, French silver chasings of the time of Louis XIV., and also some of German workmanship; wood carvings by Albert Durer, and, in short, a multitude of articles of choice *virtù*; such as we have never before seen in the possession of any private individual. We shall probably enter more into the merits of the most prominent objects here offered to public inspection; but in the meanwhile must notice a superb cup, and *Susannah and the Elders*, by Cellini; a wreath of Cupids on the former is surpassingly free and bold; and the expression and execution of the latter beyond belief, until seen, in this material. A wood (pear-tree) carving of birds is so charmingly done, that every feather is nature, and the creatures alive and in action: A remarkable crucifix, where the means of the miracle of dropping blood is exhibited;—but there are several hundred subjects, which would require a long time to examine, and a long paper to describe. Therefore we shall only add, "Go to this collection."

In a third apartment our old friends the *Fleas* are as laborious and lively as ever, *managing* their navy, *horsing* their carriages, fighting like troopers, and performing all those exploits which belong to the march of intellect and improvement in these well-educated animals. The whole family appear to be in good health, and unaffected by their daily exertions to entertain the curious visitor.

PAVORAMA OF MILAN.

MR. BURFORD, indefatigable in providing novelty as well as interest in these attractive exhibitions, has this week opened a panoramic view of the city of Milan. It is one of those upon a smaller scale than some others to which we have of late been accustomed, and is sketched in an extremely clever manner, so as to afford a very accurate idea of the architecture, &c. of this celebrated place. The surrounding country and the mountains have a fine effect; though in parts, we think, the painting approaches rather too closely to the eye.

MODEL OF THE THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

AMONG the other sights of the day, we have

inspected this model in Leicester Square, which is certainly well worth seeing by those who take a concern in theatrical building and machinery. The first gallery of this, said to be the largest theatre in Europe, is between the pit and dress circle: there are some excellent contrivances about the boxes, which might be copied with advantage; the stage is one movable combination of traps and slides, and the depth below capable of working any apparatus. Altogether, the model gives a curious idea of stage management, as well as of the general appearance of the house.

MUSIC.

MR. BOCHSA'S CONCERT.

On Wednesday last week Mr. Bochsa's concert assembled a host of professional talent and a crowded auditory at the King's Concert Rooms. The entertainments were of the highest order; and to particularise the various pieces which were listened to with delight, would be simply to reprint the whole bill of fare. Paisiello's "Ah! maiden fair," a duet, by Mrs. Bishop and Braham, was charmingly executed. A grand scena from *Le Concert à la Cour* (new to us), by Cinti, was most pleasing; and the same accomplished songstress was more than most in "Sull' aria," with the no less accomplished Meric. Native talent followed, and finely competed with this beautiful duet; for Phillips sang a new air, "The best of all good company," in a spirited style, and accompanied (as its title deserved) in an admirable manner. "Gentle airs," by Braham, with Lindley on the violoncello, was another striking treat; and also Guglielmi's, "Ah, conspirer," by Mrs. Bishop, with Mori's violin obligato, and a German scena from the *Freischütz*, by Meric. We shall only add, that Fosi, in "Come innocente," displayed fine taste and feeling; and that Bochsa himself, on the harp, by his masterly touch and brilliant effects, made the whole concert go off in a style to be enjoyed, but not to be repeated.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday we had *La Cenerentola*, and with it another proof of the good faith and strenuous exertion of Mr. Mason in redeeming his opening pledges to the public. The upper parts of the opera were delightfully cast. M. Tamburini made his *début* in *Dandini*, and was eminently successful. His voice is a rich baritone, extending nearly, if not quite, two octaves. He walks the stage capably, and otherwise shewed himself to be a very good actor; though we have understood that the serious is more his forte. Altogether, he is a welcome addition to a corps which had already combined a greater variety of talent than has often been seen in this theatre. But we had also our old and sweet favourite, Donzelli, whom even a severe cold on this occasion could not prevent from charming our ear in the amorous prince. Then Cinti, a pretty *Cinderella*, warbling like a nightingale through-out the night; her last aria was exquisite. In the *Sisters*, Castelli had not sufficient power for her task; and the other amused us more by signs of admiration with her hands when the principal singers elicited applause, than by notes of her own worthy of any admiration whatever. A crowded and very aristocratic house, from upper box to pit and stall, we rejoice to say, rewarded the manager for his liberal effort to please.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

This theatre closed its lamentable season last Friday with the benefit of Mr. Bucke, whose obliging qualities and activity well entitled him to the test of popularity—a bumper. The loss is estimated at more than 12,000*l*. We scarcely remember such a succession of failures as the bills of this theatre for the past season furnish us with a list of. The Olympic triumphed over this unfortunate establishment in the rival versions of *Dominique* and the *Philire*; the Adelphi out-deviled its *Demon*; the Easter-piece at Covent Garden is running at the moment we write, and the *Hunchback*, which the Drury Lane managers were weak enough to slight, has positively closed their doors a month before the usual period. The spectacle of the *Lions of Mysore* was a costly failure; the opera of the *Alchemist* a beggarly one; the *Self-Tormentor*, and *Lords and Commons*, were still-born; *My own Lover* languished for seven nights; and the *Tyrolaise Peasant* five; the *Compact* was suddenly put out of the bill on the fifth night, to make room for the *Merchant of London*, which lived nine: out of fourteen productions, independent of the pantomime, but two have survived—the *Bride of Ludgate* and the *Rent-Day*; and the latter is the only one that has brought a shilling to the treasury. Yet the bills have been alternately black and scarlet with the exertions of puffery: all the stale, ungrammatical common-places of theatrical parlance have been pressed into the printer's service, and "fashionable, crowded, and overflowing houses" have nightly appeared—in the daily advertisements only! *Cui bono?* we put the question to the puffers themselves—Have they benefited by it one farthing? To cry "stale fish" would be an act of folly no one expects them to commit; but surely to advertise that it is, beyond all comparison, the best and freshest that ever came out of the sea, is a gross and inexcusable fraud upon the public, which cannot be commented upon or punished too severely. In these days of reform, let us hope that they will reform this altogether: let them try to deserve, if they cannot command success, and let all puffs, as well as orders, be in future suspended, "those of the public press (if they please) excepted." We regret to perceive, by the last speech and confession of Mr. Wallack, that he does not intend to return next season: his loss will be severely felt. Liston and Dowton left Drury last season, Madame Vestris and Jones the season before; now Wallack is gone. No wonder the drama declines, when its best supporters one by one drop away. The list of the pieces produced is as follows:—

- Oct. 8. *Dominique*, Drama, 2 acts: Kenney and Poole.
- Oct. 17. *Hyder Ali*, or the *Lions of Mysore*, Spectacle: Bunn.
- Nov. 3. *The Love-Charms*, Opera, 2 acts: Planché.
- Dec. 8. *The Bride of Ludgate*, Drama, 2 acts: Jerrold.
- Dec. 20. *Lords and Commons*, Comedy, 5 acts: Mrs. Gore.
- Dec. 26. *Harlequin and Little Thumb*, Christmas Pantomime.
- Jan. 11. *My own Lover*, Musical Drama, 3 acts: Rodwell.
- Jan. 25. *The Rent-Day*, Drama, 2 acts: Jerrold.
- Feb. 16. *The Self-Tormentor*, Farce, 2 acts: Kenney.
- Feb. 26. *The Demons*, Opera, 3 acts: Beazley and F. Mills.
- March 20. *The Alchemist*, Opera, 3 acts: Bally and Ball.
- April 5. *The Compact*, Play, 3 acts: Planché.
- April 23d. *The Magic Car*, Easter-piece: Reynolds and Bunn.
- April 26. *The Merchant of London*, Play, 5 acts: Searle.
- May 4. *The Tyrolaise Peasant*, Opera, 2 acts: H. Payne.

STRAND THEATRE.

We hardly know of what changes of season, now-a-days, consist; but on Tuesday we had

our regular deputation at the Strand Theatre, to report to us the commencement of the reformed era, the old government having ceased the night before. Mr. Rayner had bid farewell, and Mrs. Waylett succeeded. Our account is favourable; the amusements were amusing, and the manageress deserving of all applause. The only complaint we heard was, that on this particular, and particularly wet, evening, it so happened that the reign of Rainer was not over; and from some flaws in the roof, it would have been well if Teddy the Tiler had been performed *a priori*.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Coburg, May 23.—Extreme sang froid was the pervading characteristic of the Spanish performance. A child that should have been discovered sleeping on a bank, walked on, adjusted itself, and then rolled about *ad lib.*, till a don entered with the utmost coolness, and pomelled, nay almost kneaded, the naughty child into the desired position. The heroine having duly died outside the curtain, curled herself up, on its descent, like a touched caterpillar, and then quietly walked off the stage. A gentleman then came on to deliver a recitation, which he ended by stabbing himself and dying, as per example, out of bounds. On seeing the descending baize, he scampered up and rushed off with a terror truly ludicrous. His consternation, however, was nought to that of the whole corps, when, having first quietly suffered a large flag to hang against the gas-lights at the wing till it was in flames, they gave themselves up to the very extravagance of fear, and gesticulated with a despair that was particularly amusing to a Coburg audience. The entertainments were to conclude with an English piece; for which, an overture having been played, the house waited till their patience was exhausted. At last, one of the actors came forward and announced that the delay was owing to the non-arrival of Mr. Searle. A man in the pit, with the laudable ambition of using a fine word, called out, "It's unexcusable!" and the apologist having retired, another dreary pause ensued. What was to be done?—another overture!! 'Twas achieved, and lo! another yet gloomier pause. What new device to while away the time?—why, yet another overture!!! The third overture being finished, the play began, and I trembled for the reception of the author of *The Merchant of London*. He contrived, however (thanks to the nature of his part!), to slip in in such a manner that no one could say how or when he first appeared or spoke; and he would have escaped altogether, but, on one of the characters addressing him, in the course of the piece, with, "O, there you are!—we all thought you were lost!" a universal peal of laughter ensued, and so ended the affair good-humouredly.

Covent Garden, May 24.—I could always furnish you with as many absurd anecdotes as there are introduced songs on benefit nights. The following on the above night struck me as particularly whimsical. Braham, as *Truemore*, in the *Lord of the Manor*, came in eager search of his lady-love; but on her entering from the opposite side, he, merging all other considerations in a wish to introduce a song, dismissed the object of his search with, "Dear charmer! I'll meet you on this spot presently."

Haymarket, May 25.—The French folks never clear the stage, which, therefore, by the end of the third piece, is generally adorned with an accumulated and varied litter. The wrecks of *Un Jour après les Noées*, broken band-boxes, torn gowns, &c. are always left outside the

curtain; and on this night there was a most heterogeneous *mélée* of bouquets, guns, mugs, bran (coolly sifted by an actor through a sieve, on the stage), leaves and broken victuals, &c. &c. A cocked hat was a long time one of the items; but it was eventually kicked by Madame Albert fairly into the stage-box, saluting the alarmed occupant thereof on his nose!

Colburg, May 28.—Byron, in a note to English Bards, laughs at the concealing of *Tekeli* in a tub. How would he have laughed to have seen, on this occasion, the earth open beneath him when the tub was about to be placed as an extinguisher over him, and the hero mysteriously, but complacently, vanishing through the ground. The party of soldiers who arrive to search the millers suspected of concealing *Tekeli*, were sad bare-faced traitors to their commander; for they actually disguised themselves as the miller's men, and so aided their intended victim's escape in a sack. The whole of them afterwards enlisted as *Tekeli's* soldiers, and in such haste that their military trousers were still covered with the flour wherewith they had deceived the eyes of their own commander better than those of the audience. *Alonso*, in *Alonso the Brave*, owing to some odd reversing of the scenes, re-appeared, and went through two scenes, after having fairly been carried down a trap-door *au diable*. Imagine the consequent obscure conclusion of the piece. Great mirth was excited by the scampering on of a dilatory corpse, that should have formed one of a motionless group on the opening of a scene.

VARIETIES.

A White Donkey.—In the village of Hampton Wick a poor man is possessed of a young female donkey, perfectly white, without spot or shade of any kind; it is a lively sportive animal, now about six weeks old. The only peculiarity observable in its formation is a remarkably small and narrow mouth, more like the mouth of the sheep than the ass; its coat, of which much care is of course taken, is full and soft. The Queen sent for it to Windsor, and was much pleased with the little creature. It is likely to prove a valuable acquisition to its poor master, who, in addition to the donkey, is blessed with a wife and nine small children!

Tapir.—A particularly fine specimen of the huge elephantlike animal of our hemisphere, called the danta or tapir, is about to be embarked at this port in the brig *Mercer*, as a present from Sir Robert Ker Porter to the Zoological Society of London. The Conquistadores of the days of Columbus named it "the great beast!" in comparison with some others, equally strange, to be met with in this then world of new wonders. From its strength and sagacity, it is very difficult to be taken alive in its wild state, when it has attained any considerable size; and when caught young, it is no less difficult to rear. Hence, as this one is arrived at maturity, and been three years in a tamed state with Sir R. K. Porter, it is the more desirable it should reach its destination in safety. It was brought a wild creature to Sir Robert from the other side of the country; having been fifteen nights in slow march, (for it rested during the days,) under a careful escort, over the stupendous mountains which lie between its native plains near Calaboda, and the city of Caracas. It is now quite docile, and a great pet with us all; we therefore hope you, on your side the Atlantic, will use it with the kindness you usually pay to an amiable

stranger. Sir Robert accompanies his favourite tapir with two other rare animals of the fox and peccary kinds, and means to follow them with some other presents, zoological and botanical, likely to prove interesting, or in future useful, to his country."—*From a Correspondent at La Guisa in South America.*

Sir Walter Scott, the newspapers say, has left Rome for Florence, on his return homeward.

Sir James Mackintosh.—We mention the death of this distinguished individual, which took place in Langham Place on Wednesday, with feelings of deep regret. In mind and acquirements he was one of the great lights of our time; a statesman, a legislator, a scholar, and a gentleman. Of his public and literary career we will not attempt such a sketch as could be produced within the period now at our command—indeed, the leading events in both are familiar to the public; but content ourselves with saying, that in social life he was, perhaps, more unequalled for the wonderful stores of his memory, his most extensive reading, and the quickness and abundance with which he brought these endowments to illustrate almost every topic of taste, interest, literature, and philosophical inquiry. He was a most delightful and instructive companion.

Sir William Grant, another man of extraordinary talent, has been taken from us. Learned, profound, clear-sighted, and eloquent, he was one of the greatest civilians that ever adorned the judicature of our country; and so long as civilised nations need the direction of just principles in their mutual relations, so long will his name be venerated.

More London Archives.—A correspondent of the *Globe*, referring to Mr. Elmes's discovery in St. Bride's church, states that Mr. George Warriner has made a similar discovery at St. Michael's, Cornhill, only from an earlier period, viz. 1420, and replete with curious information, both regarding the private manners of the citizens, and their public proceedings, shows, &c. &c.

Russian Literature.—1. Short memoirs of Admiral von Schischkow, written while he was in attendance on the Emperor Alexander, in 1812 and the following year. This work is in the Russian language, and is spoken of in the journals as extremely interesting, and written with great impartiality; giving a very lively picture of the important events and extraordinary scenes of that ever-memorable period.—2. Memoirs of the years 1814 and 1815, by Major-general Alexander Michailowski Danilewsky, aide-de-camp to his Majesty the Emperor Alexander. 1 vol. 8vo. (in the Russian language.) This work, of which two volumes have appeared in a very short time, does not pretend to give a complete account of the events of those two years. "I have related," says the author, "only those things of which I was an eye-witness, or which, for some particular reason, impressed themselves on my memory. I had no time to write till last year, when a wound which I received at the battle of Grochow, obliged me to keep my room for a couple of months. I have annexed many official documents hitherto unpublished, such as the intercepted letter of Napoleon to the empress his consort, which led to the movement of the combined armies against Paris in 1814, and the plan of operations which the emperor drew up with his own hand at Heidelberg, in 1815. This plan, which affords a striking proof of the judicious military plans of the Emperor Alexander, is an important monument of those times." The table of contents, as given in the Russian journals, exhibits

an attractive panorama of a period so interesting to humanity, and especially for the present generation. The work itself is in Russian; the documents in the appendix, except two or three, in French. Among these documents, thirty-one in number, we observe Napoleon's letter to Maria Louisa; letter from the Emperor to the Emperor of Austria; plan of operations drawn up by his Majesty; letter from his Majesty to the Duke of Wellington; letter from Louis Bonaparte to the Emperor Alexander.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXII. June 21, 1832.]

Mr. Schloos, of whose anatomical works and other publications in lithography we have had occasion to speak very highly, announces illustrations of the *Surry Zoological Gardens*, under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex. The animals are to be drawn on stone by Mr. W. H. Kearney.

Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, long and well known to the literary and political world, is printing the first volume of a work entitled, *the Statistics of France*; and we could name no writer so competent to the task, if long residence in the country, laborious research, access to the best authorities, and individual ability, can fit a man for executing it satisfactorily.

Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Mussulmans of India; by Jaffur Shurreef, of the Deccan, translated by Dr. Herklot, Madras Establishment.

The Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion. The Third Volume of the English Translation of the Memoirs of Madame Junot (the Duchess of Abrantes).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXXI. (Switzerland, in 1 vol.), fcp. 6s. cloth.—*Britton's Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, &c.*, with Fourteen Prints of Maps, Views, &c., 8vo. 5s.; royal 8vo. 8s.—*Williams on Executors*, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 9l. 10s. bds.—*Edgeworth's Novels and Tales*, No. 11. (Moral Tales, Vol. 1.), fcp. 5s. cloth.—*The Frugal Housewife*, 16mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours*, No. III. Prints 10s. 6d.; proofs, colombed 4to. 18s.; India Proofs, 21s.; before letters, 1l. 11s. 6d.—*Milford's Lights and Shadows of American Life*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—*The Village Poor-House, by a Country Curate*, fcp. 2s. 6d. bds.—*Questions concerning Parliamentary Jurisdiction*, by M. de Peyronnet, fcp. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Lives of Balboa and Pizarro*, by Mrs. Hudson, fcp. 7s. bds.—*Italy and other Poems*, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*The Messiah*, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, post 8vo. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 94	From 45 to 71.	30.23 to 30.20
Friday . . . 25	45 . . . 71.	30.16 . . . 30.07
Saturday . . . 26	46 . . . 70.	30.07 . . . 30.00
Sunday . . . 27	38 . . . 67.	29.96 . . . 29.94
Monday . . . 28	40 . . . 68.	29.96 . . . 29.97
Tuesday . . . 29	40 . . . 68.	29.94 Stationary
Wednesday 30	41 . . . 64.	29.96 . . . 29.90

Prevailing wind S.W.

The 29th and 30th cloudy, with rain at times; otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen, .425 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude . . . 51° 37' 32" N. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Longitude . . . 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is much feeling and merit in *β's* lines; but how came he to think that the sphynx lived on its own flame?

"My bosom's grief,"

Which sphynx-like lives on its own flame."

We fancied that it was the phoenix which expired in its flame, and rose a new bird from the ashes.

We must decline M. K.'s poetical contributions.

Burke's Peerage.—To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In the observations which you have made upon the new edition of my *Peerage and Baronage*, you have fallen into a mistake as to the nature of the work, which I shall take the liberty of rectifying. The book is not, nor has it ever been, confined to the mere detail of names and dates. When I first contemplated writing upon such a subject, I determined that my work should be one that might be read, as well as referred to—accurate by all means; dry, by none—in fine, a Biographical as well as Genealogical Dictionary. I have avoided, I trust, by my impartiality, rendering it an arena for political dispute; but I should feel that I had ill discharged my duty had I passed over a name like that of Brougham by merely stating, that the individual who had ennobled it was born upon such a day, and that he had entered into the holy bands of wedlock upon such another.

Having thus disposed of what I have deemed a misunderstanding upon your part, allow me to express my best thanks for the general lessons of your remarks. I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

26th May, 1832.

JOHN BURKE.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

To be continued Monthly.

GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, No. I.

Perhaps no species of knowledge has a more direct tendency towards true refinement than an acquaintance with the fine arts. The Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, therefore, consider themselves as acting amicably within the scope of their powers in publishing a Gallery of Portraits. They begin with Portraits, because the authentic likenesses of great men are equally interesting to the lover of art, the general reader, and even to those who have but a limited acquaintance with past events or persons, but who may probably be stimulated to read by the sight of the Print. For such, and to refresh the memory of others, a short Memoir will be given with each Portrait.

The Gallery of Portraits to be published by the Society, although similar in form, and not inferior in execution, to one of the series of Portraits now publishing, will be in a great degree different from any other in the selection of those illustrious persons whose likenesses it is thought desirable to make familiar to all.

The Committee have to acknowledge the ready assistance of many distinguished persons and public bodies, in furthering their plan, by permitting copies to be made, for engraving, from original pictures in their possession. Artists of ability have already finished many copies from the Collections of His Majesty, the King of the French, of the Royal Society, of the French Institute, of the Duke of Devonshire, of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Egmont, Lord Holland, and Lord Dover. The execution of the engravings from many of these pictures has been confided to some of the most eminent engravers of the day.

Each Number will consist of Three Portraits, with accompanying Biographical Memoirs, occupying, upon an average, Twenty-four pages of Letter-press. The size of the Work will be super-royal octavo, corresponding with the small-paper copies of the original Portraits. The price of each Number will be Half-a-Crown. No large-paper copies will be printed.

London: Charles Knight, 15, Pall Mall East.

GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON PARK.

The Pump Room is now open for the Season, till November. Hot Mineral Waters, Carlsbad, and Cold Mineral Waters, Spa, Fournet, Major, Marienbad, Seltzer, &c. The efficacy of the Mineral Waters of this Establishment, in many obstinate Chronic Diseases, has been fully established, under the observations of several eminent Physicians; and their beneficial influence in diverting also the Chloera of its fatal consequences, was amply proved at Moscow, during the late epidemic.

London Agents for the sale of the Bottled Water—Messrs. J. and G. Wagh, Chemists to their Majesties, 177, Regent Street; and L. Lucas, Chemist, 65, Chancery Lane, of whom the Prospectus may be had, gratis.

Just published, price 2s.

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMAN'S CATALOGUE OF SECOND-HAND BOOKS, for 1852, comprising a Collection of useful and scarce Works, in various Languages, and in every Branch of Literature.

25, Paternoster Row, A. N.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 6s. No. XVII. for June, of
THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, and of the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland.

Contents:—I. The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture—I. On the Agricultural State of Ireland, by Mr. Stephens—II. On Improving Cottage Gardening in Scotland, by Mr. J. S. Montezith—III. On the Laying-out and Improving of Country Residences, by Mr. Main—IV. The Larch and the Spruce—V. Notes made during a Visit to the United States and Canada in 1851, by Mr. Ferguson of Woodhill—VI. On the Farming of Hay—VII. On New South Wales—VIII. On the Small Plough as a Drill Plough—IX. On the Under of the Cow, by Mr. Dick, Veterinary Surgeon, Edinburgh—X. On the Washing and Shearing of Sheep—XI. Excursions to British America—XII. Miscellaneous Notices—XIII. Quarterly Agricultural Report—XIV. Tables of the Prices of Grain, Seeds, Hatching-Meat, and Wool; and of the Monthly Returns of Foreign Cattle, and of the Revenue—XV. Foreign Corn Markets.

II. The Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland—I. Account of the Cause of Goitre, by Mr. Archibald Gordon, Annan Garden, Perthshire—II. On the Culture of the Potato, by Mr. George S. Macdonald—III. Remarks on the Culture and Utility of several Kinds of Home-grown Timber, by Mr. R. Montezith—IV. Report on the Manner in which Two Fields at Invermay were laid down to Permanent Pasture in 1851, by H. M. Selkirk, Esq. of Invermay—V. Description of Experiments on Feeding Stock, by Mr. A. Howden—VI. Description of Sawing Machines for Felling Timber, laid before the Society in the Competition for Premiums in 1851. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London; and W. Curry, Jun. and Co. Dublin.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Edited by R. L. BULWER, Esq.
The June Number of this Journal contains, among many others, Papers under the following heads, viz: The Late Politician—The Death of Goethe, with a Portrait of the Celebrated Writer—The Vindication of the House of Commons in Reference to Secrecy of Debates—Versatile Literature—Recent Drama—The Character and Administration of Necker—The Court of Egypt, a Short History—Our Amalgam—Schiller's Poem—The Creation of Man, a Poem—Monthly Commentary on Men and Things, &c. &c. &c.

Published by Colburn and Bentley, New Burlington Street.

To the Clergy, Magistrates, Landowners, and Parochial Officers.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE of Religious

and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, Documents respecting the State of the Poor, Progress of Education,

No. IV. for June, contains:—A. Roman Catholicism—A. Hodson, Shropshire, (the late Bishop Heber's Secretary), with an Engraving—Notices of the Olden Time—Sacred Poetry—Correspondence: Letter from Dr. Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford—On Pluralities—Letter from Mr. Soames, on the Quadruplicate or Tripartite Division of Tithes—On the Burial Service—On the Emoluments of the Established Church—John the Baptist, &c.—Reviews: "Scenes in our Parish"—"Fennemann's Manual of the History of Philosophy"—"St. John in Patmos"—"Gospel Miracles"—"The Immortality of the Soul"—"The Pleasures of Religion"—"The Christian's Family Library"—"Records of a Good Man's Life," &c. &c.—Reports of Religious and Benevolent Meetings and Societies—Plans for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Poor—Ecclesiastical Trials—Important Church Documents: Irish Unions—Letter of "N. C." on Parochial Taxes, &c.—Parishes—Emigration, &c.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence—University News—Events of the Month, &c. &c. John Turill, 250, Regent Street, London; Parker, Oxford; Grant, Cambridge; Baillie, Brothers, Edinburgh; M'Dun, Glasgow; Wakeman, Dublin. Orders received by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

Portrait of Louis Rastache Sale.

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